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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

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I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

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HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the hair and hair and always
Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair
Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
Sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.

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GINGER TONIC
A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.
If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.
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And the Best and Surest Dyspepsia Cure Ever Used.
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CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.
GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON
Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of
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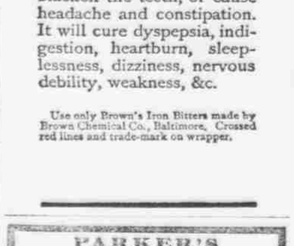
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BITTERS
The feeble and emaciated, suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion in any form, are advised, for the sake of their own bodily and mental comfort to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ladies of the most delicate constitution testify to its harmless and its restorative qualities. Physicians everywhere, disgusted with the adulterated liquors of commerce, prescribe it as the safest and most reliable of all stomachics.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Swedish Insect Powder Kills
POTATO BUGS
And all Troublesome Vermin.
It will thoroughly exterminate Roaches, Ants, Red Bugs, Fleas, Flies, Moths, Tomato and Cotton Worms, &c. It is safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. It will not poison animals or fowls. Sample package by mail 30 cents, postpaid. Stamps taken. Circulars free. Agents Wanted. Address JAS. H. JOHNSTON, 169 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. (5-25.-3m.)

CRESCENT PLUG
This brand of Tobacco, though but a short time on the market, is already the favorite with many chewers. Made from selected leaf and with best sweetening, it is a capital article and specially suited to the Pennsylvania taste. For sale by all dealers. Send for sample to the manufacturers.
C. A. JACKSON & CO., Petersburg, Va.
$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE SONG OF POVERTY.

A jolly old fellow am I, boys,
All seasons to me are the same;
Soft clothing and jewels are folly and toys
Which often are purchased with shame.
Bad Luck and Miss Fortune, a long while ago,
Were wed—as good people should be;
They loved one another, I'd have you to know,
And I am their offspring, you see, ha! ha!
And I am their offspring, you see.

The Church and the State may connive at my fall,
Their prayers and their laws won't avail;
I'll have my existence in spite of them all
And many true saints I'll assail.
The bench may arrest me, condemn me as vile,
And cover my body with scars;
Then put me in prison, but there I will smile,
And beat a tatoo on the bars, ha! ha!
And beat a tatoo on the bars.

The greatest of prophets, in speaking of me,
Said: "The poor will be always with you."
So make up your minds and bid brave charity
And love do the most that they can do.
I'd rather be lord of the homeless and free
Than Pres'dent, Czar, Kaiser or King;
They're always in danger of death, don't you see?
While I in my rags dance and sing, ha! ha!
While I in my rags dance and sing.

THE THREE KNIVES.

"So you want me to tell you a story about a ghost, do you, children?" said Parson Goodharts, looking up from his book, with a queer little twinkle in the corner of his dark-gray eyes, as his three nephews and two neices came trooping around the snug arm-chair in which he was sitting by the fire.

"Well that won't be very easy, because I never saw a ghost myself, and I've never met anyone else who has, either. But I once knew a man who thought he had seen one—or felt one rather—and a very serious matter it was for him, as you shall hear.

"When I first came here as a young curate, long before any of you young folks were born, every man, woman and child in the village believed as firmly in ghosts, witches and all that nonsense, as they believed that the sun shone or that the wind blew.

"I've seen a strapping fellow six feet high, big and strong enough to knock a horse down, go half a mile out of his way rather than pass after dark a spot where a highwayman had been hanged in chains; and more than one old woman was scared into fits by a cow suddenly getting up from behind a hedge, as she was going home through the fields in the twilight.

"As for the church-yard, all the money in the Cottonborough Bank wouldn't have tempted any of our village folks to go thro' it after nightfall. And certainly it was a dismal place—there's no denying it.

"Our pretty little new church over the way wasn't built then, and the old church stood right out at the very end of the village just where Farmer Thomson's big barn is now.

"It was a grim old building, all of dark-gray stone turned almost black by the weather, and fast crumbling away. The tower was one mass of dark ivy, and the church-yard itself was full of gloomy firs and cypresses, growing together in thick clumps, which harbored owls and bats without number; and when the moon glimmered through the clouds upon a stormy night, making the white tombstones whiter and the black trees blacker than ever, it certainly did look as ghostly a place as ever I saw in my life.

"But as if all this was not enough, the spot had a legend attached to it, and a very grim one too. Just at the further end of the church-yard, the ground fell steeply away to a dark hollow, through which ran a stream.

"This hollow bore the pleasant name of 'Dead Man's Gulley,' and the traditions of the country recorded that a great battle had been fought in this place in the days of King Alfred, and that a number of wounded Danes, who had crawled to the stream to drink, had been cruelly slaughtered by the Saxons, despite the entreaties of a good monk, who tried hard to save them.

"Ever since that day—so ran the legend—on the anniversary of the massacre, any one who passed the spot after nightfall would hear the shouts of the slayers, and shrieks of the slain, mingled with the hoarse rush of the water, and would see—if the moon were bright enough to show it to him—the stream running as red as blood.

"So, what with this nice story (which every soul in the district knew by heart), and what with the gloominess of the place itself, the village people were as shy of it as if it had been a fever hospital.

"Of course, I was very much put out at seeing my parishioners making such geese of themselves; but what was to be done?

"Talking to them would only have made them worse, for they would have told me that they, who had lived in the country all their lives, must know more about it than I, who had only just come there.

"At first I tried to shame them out of their terrors by constantly going about haunted spots myself, by night as well as by day.

"But it was not a bit of use, for they were accustomed to consider it a part of the clergyman's business to deal with ghosts, and held out that I ought to be a match for any amount of them, if I did my work properly.

"So the only thing I could do was to leave their beliefs alone, and trust to time to wear them out.

"It was toward the end of my first year in the village, and the nights were getting long and dark, when, one evening, as I was coming home in the twilight from visiting an old laborer, who had fallen ill, a man came flying down the lane, full speed, and ran bump against me so violently that he almost knocked me down.

"'Gently, my friend,' said I, 'I'm not made of iron.'

"'Be that thee, parson?' answered a shaky voice, which I recognized at once as that of Dick Grimes, the miller. 'Stand by me if thee be a Christian mon!'

"'What's the matter?' asked I, wondering not a little what could have happened to frighten a great sturdy fellow like him—for frightened he evidently was—so badly that he could hardly speak.

"'There be a boggart (ghost) after me,' panted Grimes, 'rattlin' a chain and shroiken. Try if thee can stop him, for the love of heaven. I cannot.'

"Sure enough, at that very moment I heard a sound of pattering feet approaching, mingled with the clanking of a chain; and through the darkness I could just make out something white coming swiftly toward us. Grimes, who seemed too much scared even to run away, got behind me as if I had been a wall, while the ghost came on.

"And when the terrible hobgoblin got right up to us, what do you think it turned out to be? Why, neither more nor less than the miller's own white donkey, which, having been carelessly tethered, had managed to break loose, and was enjoying a moonlight run by itself, dragging its chain along with it?

"I took care to keep the secret, but the story leaked out somehow, and you may fancy what a hard time of it the poor miller had in the village for a good while after, although many who laughed at him would have been no braver themselves in his place.

"Now it happened that the hardest of all upon him was Sam Barton, the butcher—a great, brawny fellow, with large red whiskers, and a hand like one of his shoulders of mutton—who was fond of boasting that he feared nothing above ground or under it.

"One night, when a lot of them were having a sort of holiday-supper at the little inn, yonder, Barton made fun of the miller so unmercifully that at last the poor fellow got quite angry.

"'Ah, any mon can talk big when there be no danger!' cried he, 'but if thee'd be I' my place, thee'd ha' done jist as I did.'

"'Would I, though?' shouted the butcher, fiercely. 'The mun get up early to catch Sam Barton playin' craddint (coward.) I ben't afeared o' nought about ground, nor under it nei ther.'

"'Well, then,' said Grimes, looking him full in the face, 'will thee go through the church-yard now?'

"'Aye, that I will,' cried the butcher, jumping up at once; 'an' ye may a' coom with me if ye loike, and see that I do it fair!'

"'Well, hark ye to me, lads,' put in the landlord, 'I'se te live how we'll do it. Sam shall tak' these three knives, and stick one i' the ground by the stile where he'll go in the choorch-yard and another by Squire Hawker's moniment i' the middle, and a third at the gate on t'other side. Then we'll go round to gate and meet him, and see that a's fair.'

"The plan was at once agreed to, and off started the valiant butcher, whistling defiantly, and clinking the three long knives in his brawny hand.

"But as he began to leave the village lights behind him, and to approach the dark, dreary church-yard, his whistle grew fainter and his step less brisk. It was a chill, gloomy night, and the wind moaned dismally through the leafless trees while the distant roar of the torrent that ran through Dead Man's Gully sounded unnaturally loud in the grim silence.

"Every ghost story he had ever heard in his life seemed to crowd into the unfortunate butcher's memory at once, and by the time he reached the stile he would gladly have given all the money in his pocket to be well out of the whole business. But it would never do to give in now, so over the stile he scrambled, planting his first knife, and went on.

"The church yard was dark as pitch, and he got more than one tumble over the graves, which made his nerve none the steadier.

"Just as he was sticking the second knife beside the 'Squire's monument (which loomed white and ghostly through the darkness,) the church clock struck twelve.

"The deep, hollow sound, amid that dead silence, started him from a walk into a run. On he went, scratching himself against projecting boughs and bruising his shin upon the tombstones, till at last he came down on his hands and knees, close to the white gate. Just then an old owl overhead gave such a scream that Sam, too scared even to look round, struck the third knife at random behind him, and tried to rush off. But, lo! something seized and held him fast, and poor Sam, frightened out of his wits, howled, shrieked, kicked, struggled, and finally fainted outright.

"Meanwhile, his comrades, who were waiting outside, heard his cries, and fearing something had gone wrong, ventured in, keeping very close together. And what do you think they found? Why, that he had stuck the knife through the skirt of his own coat, and pinned himself to the ground! And that was all the ghost there was about the matter."

A TALE OF A SHIRT.—Apropos of General Sherman's visit to Denver, a story is told of the General's experience with Henry Clay Dean. The two had been friends for years, and when Sherman became General and Dean happened to be in Washington, the latter, naturally enough, felt a desire to renew the old acquaintance. So he called at Sherman's house, and the General received him with open arms. They talked over old times, and nothing would do but Dean must stay for dinner. "But, General," remonstrated Mrs. Sherman in her husband's ear, "I can't have such a dirty-looking man at my table; can't you spruce him up a little?" The General said he'd fix that, and so at an opportune moment he hustled Mr. Dean up stairs, ransacked a bureau, and produced a clean shirt for him to put on. Mrs. Sherman was mollified, and the dinner was really a charming affair, for there is no more delightful, entertaining and instructive conversationalist than Henry Clay Dean. One year after this event General Sherman was at the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, with his family. A card was brought up bearing Henry Clay Dean's name. Mrs. Sherman was very much pleased. "He is such a charming talker, we must have him to dinner. Only you must see that he looks presentable." These were madam's words to the warrior. So Sherman welcomed Dean, and, just before going to dinner, slipped him into a side room and gave him a clean shirt to wear. Dean doffed his coat and vest, and, after a brief struggle, divested himself of the shirt he had on—a soiled, grimy, black thing that looked as if it had seen long and hard service. Then they all went down to dinner, and Mr. Dean was more charming than ever, and Mrs. Sherman was in ecstasies. The next day, as Mrs. Sherman was getting her husband's duds and clothes together, preparatory to packing them for the onward march, she gave a wild, hunted scream. "What is it, dear?" called the General from the next room. "Just come here a moment," replied Mrs. Sherman, between faint gasps. The General went in. There stood Mrs. Sherman, holding in her hand the begrimed shirt Henry Clay Dean had left. With her right hand she pointed to certain initials on the lower edge of the bosom. The initials read "W. T. S." It was the identical shirt General Sherman had loaned Henry Clay Dean in Washington twelve months before.

A NEW WAY to compliment a mean man is to say: "He is a pretty mean man in some respects, but then, after all, he is meaner in other respects." This sort of lets the man down easy, and makes him think he is not so confounded, allfired mean after all.

A WASTED LIFE.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH ELOPEMENT.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century there lived in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, a handsome, dashing young gentleman of considerable fortune, named Fitzpatrick Knaresborough. He belonged to a highly respectable family, and possessed an excellent education. He was very popular in the adjoining counties of Carlow and Kilkenny, and was familiarly called Fitzy Cranesborough, a perversion of his right name, which is also called Nasboro.

As Knaresborough was approaching manhood, an incident occurred which, had he paid due heed to, might have saved him from committing a deed which laid waste his whole life. This incident was that three young ladies, sisters and heiresses, were one day seized and forcibly carried off by three young gentlemen of fortune residing in Carlow. The abductors and their victims were pursued and overtaken. The girls were restored to their friends, and the young men were committed to prison. The unfortunate offenders were brought to trial, and all three were hanged in Carlow.

Instead of being warned by their terrible fate, hardly had Kanesborough arrived at manhood, with all the world opening before him in which to choose a wife, than he fell madly in love with a young heiress. She professed to return his love, and as usual her relatives refused their consent to her marrying a man of inferior fortune to her own. In this extremity he carried her off—presumably with her consent.

Nothing, however, more strikingly illustrates the waywardness of women than the abduction cases which were so frequent at that time throughout Ireland. If an heiress gave her consent to the abduction, a man felt secure that he could not be punished for what was then made a hanging offense. Only the woman's testimony, however, could save his life. Quite as often as not a girl would give her admirer every encouragement, even going so far as to secretly apprise him as to when it would be most convenient to herself to be carried off, and then, when he was apprehended and brought to trial, calmly sweat his life away by denying that she was a consenting party to the abducting.

Knaresborough abducted his heiress, but her family started in hot pursuit of the couple and succeeded in recovering the girl. Knaresborough made his escape. A reward was offered for his apprehension, but without effect.

Word came to him, however, in his place of concealment, that the heiress would give testimony in his favor even at the risk of offending her family. When a woman took this part, marriage inevitably followed, and in the majority of cases, the runaway couple lived happy ever after. Accordingly at the the approach of the next assizes, Knaresborough gave notice that he would surrender and stand his trial. He kept his word, and returned to the town of Carlow on horseback the day before that appointed for the commencement of the assizes.

When near to Carlow, he reined in his horse, and walked him, looking about as if in expectation of some event or person. At last he beheld the object so ardently desired—a carriage, and in it the young lady he had abducted. He drew up and spoke to her. She greeted him cordially, and after laughing and joking together they parted. He was most light-hearted, for she had kept her appointment with him—she had smiled upon him—and confident of acquittal, he rode straight to the jail of Carlow and surrendered himself.

The next day he was put upon his trial. The young lady appeared—smiled upon him as usual!—but testified against him, and so proved the case against him.

This most unexpected circumstance turned his gayety into anxiety, and his astonishment and horror rose to the highest pitch when he was convicted and sentenced to death. Surely the great bard had some show of reason when he said:

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

Knaresborough's family and friends participated in his natural surprise and alarm. They had interest in high quarters, upon which they thought they might rely for a reversal or a commutation of the sentence, and they took every means in their power to insure his safety. They entreated the concurrence of the jury by whom he had been convicted, in an application to the government for mercy in his favor, but found them inexorable.

The friends of Knaresborough further ascertained that the finding of "guilty" had resulted, not so much from the view of the evidence taken by the jury, or their horror of the deed proved, as from a determination to retort upon Kilkenny, the conviction and execution of the three Carlow boys for a similar offense to that of Knaresborough's.

His friends then resorted to other expedients to save him from the scaffold. Among other proceedings was a memorial to the judge by whom he had been tried and sentenced, to recommend the young man to mercy, and they judiciously accompanied their memorial by a sum of six hundred pounds. The money was not returned. The judge reported favorably, and the sentence of death was changed to one of transportation for life. Even this sentence was further commuted, or at least the execution of it was indefinitely postponed. It was accompanied by the condition that Knaresborough should be brought into court at every assizes for the county, for the town or city, in the prison of which he should happen to be confined. He was sent to Dublin to undergo punishment at Newgate. Knaresborough was condemned and imprisoned in 1790. He was then a handsome stripling. He remained in prison so long that his real name was forgotten by all but a few of the old-time prison officials. He was called by the many prisoners who came and went "The Mysterious." Even the crime for which he suffered imprisonment was forgotten, but was believed to be some political offense. He passed from youth to middle age, and it was remarked that although he was always dressed with the disregard of appearances observable in prisoners generally, he must have belonged to the upper classes.

For years Knaresborough submitted without a murmur to the required exhibition of himself in court, but at length he protested against being so paraded, and refused to obey the summons directed to the jailor to produce his person before the judge in commission. It happened that Norbury presided over the commission when Knaresborough's refusal to appear in court was announced. When informed that Knaresborough was determined to yield only to force in being produced in court, Norbury, with that bloodthirsty promptitude to hang a man which obtained for him the name of "Nero," immediately said, "Let the original sentence be executed!"

The alternative was announced to the unhappy prisoner. He chose rather to live, wretched as his life was, and submitted at once to the order for his production in court.

For years after this Knaresborough was "trotted out" at each commission court, but the form was at length discontinued.

More years passed, and Knaresborough was released, an old and decrepit man. What his exact fate was is a matter of conjecture, various statements being made in regard to it. Some say that he crept back to the haunts and homes of the friends and relatives who had befriended him in his long-past youth, only to find that they had preceded him to that bourne whence no traveler returns; that his means having been exhausted by their efforts to save him from the gallows, he had not the wherewithal to procure a crust of bread or a truss of straw to lie upon, and that he subsisted by begging in the streets.

One day, it is related, that tottering with the feebleness of age and semi-starvation, he opened the door of a carriage at the curbstone. A white-haired matron alighted and flung him a penny for his pains. It was the woman whom he had carried off as a girl! She had married the millionaire for whom she had been designed by her parents, and had passed her life in luxury, while his had been worn painfully away in a prison. Not a word of regret or sympathy from her had ever reached him there—not even a flower to cheer his solitude.

ELEPHANTS MINDING THE BABY.

There is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported, says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. It is always expedient to employ a married mahout if you can, with a hard-working wife and two or three children. The whole family become, as it were parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. It is only a question of degree to what extent an elephant may be trusted with a baby; but I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of its trunk, whilst the mother went to fetch water, or to get wood or material to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or wolf to carry off a baby, even when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant became ridiculously familiar with it, and take all kinds of liberties with it, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt her, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black imp about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language.—On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the imp's command, lies down and enjoys itself, just leaving a part of its body like a small island above water, on which the small imp stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if so be that he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the imp slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. These little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

The wife of a mahout is almost always a great favorite with her elephant, and I remember a case in which the wife of a mahout who was killed by his elephant (I believe more by accident than from actual malice) succeeded in quieting the beast, which seemed to understand the poor woman's anguish at the death of her husband, and endeavored in the elephantine way to make amends for his offense. It is nothing new to say that the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, and those who have the most to do with them cannot help liking and admiring them.

A NOVEL WAY OF RAISING CHURCH WIND.—Up at Clear Lake, the churches became tired of the old stereotyped plans of raising money, and after a long discussion it was decided to bring about the desired end by putting all the girls of the church up at auction to be disposed of to the highest bidder.

The time came around, and every young man in that part of Iowa in or near Clear Lake who had any money or could possibly borrow any was promptly on hand, eager to bid to the fullest extent. But there were some of the girls on whom it would have been impossible to obtain the bid of an old-fashioned copper cent, while there were others for whom the love sick swains would willingly have bid their last dollar, and, in the spirit of Artemus Ward, the last dollar of any of their relatives. So to give all the boys an equal chance, the girls were wrapped up in sheets, so as to be completely unrecognizable. Each young man was positive that beneath the snowy folds of the sheet he could discern the outline of the girl on whom he doted, and when from fifteen to twenty of the young fellows singled out one particular sheeted object on which to stake their fortunes, excitement ran high and money ran out of pocket-books like water down a slanting roof.

After all the fair ones were disposed of the order was given to "haul up the sheets," and then ensued an indescribable scene of mingled happiness and disappointment.—Maidens who had been purchased for a mere song, owing to a lack of bidders, turned out to be the best looking girls in the town, while beings whose sylph-like appearance under a sheet had excited the greatest admiration and drew hard-earned money from unwilling pocket-books were found to be most commonplace creatures indeed. But all made the best of it, and the disappointed ones bore themselves bravely.

IT has lately been discovered that tobacco cuds make good manure. Tramps can now drive a lucrative business by lying out in a corn field and chewing tobacco for agricultural demands. Farmers are reminded that as compounds are sometimes efficacious, it would be well, when the tobacco was all reduced to pulp, to have a few alligators, or something of that sort, on hand, to chew up the tramps and utilize them as fertilizers.—They are composed of good material for the purpose.

THE FATED SISTERS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

The sequel to a strange story of Voudoo superstition was recently brought to public notice by the death of a lady who has lived in retirement for the past ten years. The outlines of this sketch from real life in the South are given as they were received.

The De Courcy family is an ancient one, and is universally known to all old residents of Louisiana. It was one of the wealthiest and most influential before the war. De Courcy, while young and wild, took for his mistress the favorite grandchild of Marie Lavon, the famous Voudoo Queen, who died in Louisiana about two years ago. In her rage and indignation the Voudoo Queen uttered a terrible curse. He was to have no male heirs, and his line was to die with his daughters. Of course the curse of the old negress was laughed at and ridiculed, but it became a familiar household story among the first families along the Gulf coast. De Courcy marrried and had three daughters, who were afterward known as the fated sisters. The last of these ladies died in San Francisco under an assumed name early this year, as the following brief announcement in the New Orleans *Picayune* of February 16 indicates:

Died.—In San Francisco, February 3, Madame Joan Maria Bienvenu, the last of the fated sisters.

This is why they were called the fated sisters:

The three daughters, Louise, Celeste and Joan, were belles of Mobile and New Orleans, and held undisputed sway over the hearts of many of the gallant young planters of the delta. On the death of their father, who left his three daughters immense wealth in real estate, money and slaves, these three orphans became the belles, so to speak, of the Gulf coast society. Ravishingly beautiful, accomplished and gay, these three girls reigned like a trio of queens, and the Voudoo Queen's curse was almost forgotten when Louise, the eldest, married Dr. Hunt, of Alabama. While the honeymoon was still bright, her husband, excited by jealousy at a ball in Mobile, challenged a gentleman who had been one of her old suitors. The duel came off, and Dr. Hunt was killed. This was tragedy number one. The year following this tragic episode the second daughter, Celeste De Courcy, married John Forsythe, Jr., son of the noted journalist and editor of the Mobile *Register*. This marriage proved to be even more unfortunate than that of the elder sister. Young Forsythe was proud, brave and rather exacting. His wife, on the other hand, was a born coquette. She was gay, beautiful and careless of public criticism. She defied public opinion, and, notwithstanding the protestations of her proud, revengeful and jealous husband, continued to furnish food for scandal. In his grief and desperation Colonel Forsythe, Jr., committed suicide in Mobile. His father, in the bitterness of a father bereft of a favorite son, headed his editorial obituary in the Mobile *Register* with the bitter but significant title, "Killed by His Wife," and denounced the fashionable sirens through whose influence two men had gone to untimely graves. This same fatal destiny was for the third sister. The fairest of the three sisters was Joan Maria, the youngest of them all. She was one of those brilliant beauties who make men mad in their adorations. Her eyes were like flashing stars, her hair black as the night and luxuriant in profusion. At last she surrendered to the wooing of a rich young Creole of New Orleans, named Edward Bienvenu, who led the last of this fated trio to the hymenial altar. Like her sisters, she cared nothing for what Mrs. Grundy might say, and after her marriage with Bienvenu continued her flirtations with her old admirers. I was the social editor of the New Orleans *Picayune* at the time the last tragic episode in the De Courcy family history occurred.

It was in the month of February, 1874, and the Mardi Gras festivities were in full blast. I was standing in the conservatory of the ball room of the Mystic Krewe, one of our prominent social organizations in New Orleans, and talking with a brother journalist, when Madame Bienvenu entered the conservatory with a fine looking young man, a lawyer named Phillips, as her escort. They took seats upon a tete-a-tete in a corner, and were enjoying a pleasant and almost loving flirtation together, when Edward Bienvenu entered the place. As her husband approached, his eyes flashing with rage and jealousy, his wife half rose to her feet, and then sank back in her seat in some confusion. Her husband, a tall, handsome Creole, waved his right hand deprecatingly as he smiled grimly upon his wife, bade her keep her seat, that he had no desire to disturb her; he had merely come out to smoke a cigarette. Then, turning to Phillips while lighting his cigarette, he said:

"By the way, Phillips, I am going to-morrow on a little excursion to Bay St. Louis (the famous dueling ground). I shall take a friend with me, and would be happy to have your company. Bring a friend with you."

"I shall take pleasure in joining your party," replied Phillips, gravely. "What train do you go on?"

"On the 12 o'clock train."

"I will meet you on the train, then," said Phillips, as he accepted a cigarette from the jealous husband, who offering his arm to his thoroughly frightened wife, walked out of the conservatory and shortly after left the ball. Thus was the challenge exchanged. It was given and accepted as carelessly as each lighted a cigarette. Both were arrested, and it was not until April 3, 1874, that Bienvenu and Phillips were able to carry out their intentions. On that day I accompanied them, with quite a number of friends of both parties, to the dueling ground at Bay St. Louis. Both men fired simultaneously, and the husband fell dead at the first shot. He never spoke a word after he fell. Phillips turned from the field and walked away with his friend, after throwing his smoking pistol on the ground. He disappeared, and is supposed to have gone to San Francisco.

Thus was the curse of the old negress, Marie Lavon, the Voudoo Queen, literally carried out. All three husbands of the fated sisters died violent deaths, leaving no children behind them to keep up the De Courcy race. Madame Bienvenu brought her fashionable career to a sudden close. Remorse and shame drove her into retirement, from which she never emerged. In the summer of 1874 she took passage on a Panama steamer by the Isthmus to San Francisco. There she changed her name and lived on her wealth in the strictest retirement up to the day of her death. It is not known definitely whether Phillips joined her there, but gossippers in New Orleans reported that she had married the man who had shot her husband. Whether she did or not I cannot say, but I think it likely.

THE DEBT TO MOTHERS.—Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name mother is the sweetest in the human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety and the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with their hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling lest she says overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his steps at the time when the character for virtue and purity so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicity as he can her wishes and advice, let him do everything that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, and yet he will part with her at the tomb with the debt to her not half discharged.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"Soldiers, won't you kill this snake?" Thus spoke in a feeble voice a wounded Confederate Brigadier General to a half dozen Federal cavalrymen who belonged to the command following his retreating brigade. He had been shot in the charge the Union forces had made upon his lines, and was, when he called to the soldiers, terribly wounded and weak from the loss of blood. A piece of shell had struck him in the thigh and a minnie ball had carried away his right arm.

He had crawled beneath the shadow of a great rock in the edge of the woods, in order to escape from the fierce rays of the sun, which was beating down one July day in 1864, and he lay prone upon the ground, to keep as much out of the range of flying bullets as he could. A snake crawled from 'neath the stone and leisurely drew its slimy length over his face just as the victorious cavalrymen came up. For a few moments the soldiers were puzzled at his request and thought that his sufferings had made him delirious. They soon, however, perceived the rept

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - JUNE 9, 1882

GEORGE LEAR, President of the late Republican convention of this State, is out in another letter, this time to Tom Cooper, chairman of the State committee. Lear says in his letter that Cooper had no right to reassemble the old convention on the 21st of this month; that he won't attend it and that a brand new one must be called. He also severely criticises Cameron's dictatorial course and insists that the party can only be saved by the Regular and Independent State Committees calling a joint convention composed of new delegates.

GEN JOSEPH GARIBALDI died at his home on the Island of Caprera, Italy, on Friday last, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a born agitator and his whole life was stormy and full of adventure. The fate of war drove him from Italy in 1849, and having made his way to this country, he established a tallow candle factory in the vicinity of New York in 1851 and conducted it until 1853. He had a romantic love for liberty, as he understood liberty, and revolution had for him an irresistable charm.

GUITEAU'S counsel, Charles S. Reed, presented a petition on Friday last to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, asking for a rehearing of the case on purely technical grounds, the principle one being that the indictment alleges that the death of President Garfield took place in Washington, whereas it really took place in New Jersey. Mr. Reed supported the petition in a speech of considerable length. The Court rendered its decision on Monday last, refusing to reopen the case, for the reason that they have exhausted their powers upon it; that they have heard it patiently and fairly, and that a reargument would produce no other conclusion than that arrived at. We suppose that this is the last we shall hear of this case in the Courts during the three weeks yet to which Guiteau's life is limited.

A JURY was obtained in the Star route cases on yesterday week, and the trial may be said to be fairly under way. Judge Wylie gave notice to the counsel engaged on both sides that he intended getting through with the cases by the 4th of July, even if he had to hold a session every night. No sooner had the jury been sworn than the report was sent all over the country that two, if not three, of their number will never agree to a verdict of guilty. We suppose that this is a purely sensational story, and that if the evidence adduced supports the charge the verdict will be in accordance with it. If the art of "fixing" or "packing" juries was as well understood in Washington as it was at one time in New York, and as it still is to a certain extent in Philadelphia, the result might be as rumor forcasts, but we see no reason for doubting the integrity of the jury in this instance.

MICHAEL DAVITT AND JOHN DILLON left Ireland yesterday for the United States, and expect to reach Boston in time to attend the centennial celebration in that city of Irish Independence, which will be held on Friday and Saturday of next week. Their stay in this country will not extend beyond two weeks. "Irish Independence," or, in other words, an independent Irish Legislature was brought about mainly by the efforts of Henry Grattan and lasted only eighteen years—from 1782 to 1800—when British gold, placed in the hands of recreant and corrupt Irish agents, purchased enough of its members to abolish it by sanctioning the legislative union of England and Ireland. In a speech over the fall of the legislative independence of Ireland, Grattan pathetically said: "I stood by its cradle and followed it to its grave." Its resurrection is one of the great aims for which such men as Davitt and Dillon are now struggling.

THE threatened great iron strike of the Iron workers in Pittsburg and throughout the Western States was carried into effect on yesterday week. How long it will continue it is impossible to tell, as the men are making arrangements to hold out as long as possible, and the manufacturers declare their intention not to yield to the demand for an increase of wages. A careful estimate of the number of strikers in the iron mills at Pittsburg and all points west of that city, fixes it at between forty-five and fifty thousand, and the number of mills closed at one hundred and twenty-nine. Other classes of laborers and especially coal miners, have been forced to quit work by the stike, so that the total number of all classes now idle will not fall much short of seventy-five thousand, all of whom are daily losing in wages at least two hundred thousand dollars. A redeeming feature of the strike is that nowhere has any violence taken place, with the exception of some riotous proceedings in the outskirts of Chicago.

THE Republican press have persistently charged against Gov. Tilden for months past that he is engaged in all manner of political intrigue to make himself the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York at the ensuing election, as a stepping-stone, if elected, to his nomination for the Presidency in 1884. The men who attribute these ambitious purposes to Mr. Tilden know of course that they are entirely unwarrantee, but it suits their nature to keep up a lying warfare against the man who in 1876 was endorsed for the Presidency by a majority of the American people, but who was cheated out of the office by the most infamous conspiracy of the present century. Mr. Tilden has seen proper to define his position, so far as a desire for office is concerned, by saying to Stillson Hutchins, the editor of the Washington *Post*, as reported by that gentleman, that he "would not accept the nomination for Governor for a fee simple to the State of New York, and that he has no more intention of being a candidate for President in 1884 than he has of becoming an applicant for the throne of Russia."

THE Republicans in the Ohio Legislature last winter passed what is known as the "Pond Liquor Law," a Republican member named Pond being its author. The act required every person engaging in the liquor traffic to pay annually $300, and to execute a heavy bond the terms of which were prescribed in the act. The law in its operation and effect was plainly a license for the sale of liquors, and the question of its constitutionality was determined by the Supreme Court of the State on Tuesday of last week. The Court decided the law to be unconstitutional, because it is in the nature of a license, the granting of which is expressly prohibited by the State constitution. The difficulty with the Republicans of Ohio under the leadership of that unrivalled political trimmer, Gov. Foster, is that in their legislation they always attempt the difficult feat of carrying whiskey and lager beer on one shoulder and cold water on the other. It didn't take the Supreme Court ten minutes to discover that this Pond law was a plain violation of the constitution, and yet a Republican Legislature deliberately enacted it after a full discussion. Why? Because its members were cowards, and instead of defeating it threw the responsibility of doing so upon the Supreme Court. There is no public question now agitated upon which there is so "much backing and filling" by members of State Legislatures as the liquor question. Their aim is to trim their sails so as to catch the popular breeze. They want to be on the safe side of public opinion, or what they think public opinion is, and, through a craven fear of its terrors, compromise their own honest convictions on a question of great public policy. Any one who will watch the progress of the present campaign in this State, in regard to the question of which we are speaking, will most likely agree with the Indian who didn't know anything about the devious ways of politicians, but who came to the conclusion on general principles that a "whitel man is very uncertain."

THE New York Legislature, which, when it was elected, had a Democratic majority in each house, but, by a corrupt bargain between the Tammany Hall members from New York city and the Republicans of the body soon became a hybrid, mongrel concern, with the vices of both parents and the virtues of neither, adjourned finally on Friday last One of its plain duties was the passage of a Congressional apportionment bill—not an untair and one-sided bill but one that would do justice to both parties—but it adjourned without doing so, after having made a feeble and insincere effort in that direction at the heels of the session. A Legislature organized by such disreputable means could not fail to be controlled by the influence of the lobby for partisan and corrupt purposes, and it is not therefore strange that when all other methods failed to prevent final action on a bill in the closing hours of the session, the practice was to steal it from the clerks desk and thus effectually dispose of it. The man who above all others is responsible for preventing the Democratic members of the legislature from doing what they were elected to do, and what they intended to do, is John Kelly, because without his advice and counsel the disgraceful coalition between the Tammany members of the Senate and House, whom he owns as absolutely as he does his house or horses and the Republicans would never have been formed. The union between Kelly and the Republicans seems to be complete, and we suppose he will repeat his treachery to the Democracy next November as he did two years ago when he defeated the re-election of Governor Robinson and made it possible for the State to cast its vote for the Republican candidate for President in 1880, which it did and thus defeated Hancock. John Kelly owes all that he is to the Democratic party, and yet, with ingratitude without a parallel, his sole purpose is to break down its organization and hand it over to its enemies.

BOB INGERSOLL delivered the Decoration day oration at the Academy of Music, in the city of New York. Gen. Grant presided, and Mr. Arthur occupied a seat on the stage. Beecher don't seem to have been present, but Grant's friend, Rev. Dr. Newman, was on hand and opened the exercises with prayer. In referring to the civil war and the courage, enthusiasm and devotion of the Union soldiers, Ingersoll spoke of them as having fought, among other things, 'for the destruction of slavery.' That was not the object Abraham Lincoln declared the government had in view in suppressing the rebellion, for every intelligent man in the country knows that he publicly avowed that his sole purpose as President was to preserve the Union, "without slavery" if he could, but "with slavery" if only by that means the union of the States could be saved. The destruction of slavery was legitimate result of the war, but it was not one of the original purposes for which it was commenced or for which it was prosecuted. Ingersoll knows this bravely, but it always suits him to distort the plain facts of history. Besides this, every Northern man who enlisted in the army would tell him that when he did so it was not for the purpose of putting down slavery, but for the purpose declared by Lincoln of proserving the Union as established by their forefathers. Ingersoll may indoctrinate some people with his notions about the non-existence of a hell, but his bold assertion that the soldiers of the civil war fought "for the destruction of slavery" is a total perversion of the truth of history and will mislead no one who is familiar with the events of the war, up to September, 1862, immediately after the battle of Antietam, when Mr. Lincoln undertook by his proclamation to declare the slaves free.

A MOVEMENT was started in Washington a short time ago, by the trustees of Glenwood cemetery, to get the consent of the legal custodians of the remains of Thos. Jefferson to their removal from Monticello, Va., to the cemetery aforesaid at the national capital. The heirs declare in a letter that under no circumstances will they permit their removal from the spot selected by Jefferson himself as their last resting-place.

BRADY, DORSEY AND "THE PARTY."

The prosecution in the Star-route cases behave as if it really meant business. Indictments have been drawn that will hold water; the preparation of the cases seems to have been industriously and thoroughly done; and there is certainly no sign in the opening address of Mr. Bliss of a collusive prosecution.

It has been rather more than whispered for some time that President Arthur, having seen the hopelessness of attaining a second term by the help of Dorsey and Brady, or loaded with their misdeeds, has determined to purge himself and the Stalwart section of the party of them and their words, as part of his training for 1884. He may succeed, by abandoning them to the law, in getting them taken out of politics and put into prison. But it is entirely impossible for him to disinfect the Republican party or any section of it from the odium that these men have brought upon it.

That these men were public plunderers was notorious two years ago. Legal proof has been adduced within the last three months, but it has not strengthened the moral case against them. That a man is generally believed to be a thief is not a legal reason for putting him in prison; but it is a reason for not giving him any public trusts. Yet the Republicans kept Brady in the postoffice department after everybody knew what he was, and the Republicans put Dorsey at the head of their campaign organization after everybody knew what he was. The party permitted itself to be represented by two notorious malefactors who were none the less notorious malefactors for being as yet unconvicted.

The treatment of the Star-route question by the half-breed faction is exemplified by General Garfield's letter to "Dear Hubbell," expressing the hope that Brady would give to the Republican cause of the money he had stolen from the taxpayers. Brady it is said, insisted upon this request before giving of his booty, and Brady not unnaturally interpreted this request as a promise of immunity if Garfield should be elected.

The stalwart treatment of the Star-route question is exemplified by the banquet to Dorsey, at which the then Vice President-elect, now President, openly congratulated Dorsey with having bo't votes in Indiana with his share of the Star-route plunder and such other money as was intrusted to him for that purpose.

Both Brady and Dorsey, it is to be noted, saw that their hope of immunity, not to say of continued opportunities of plunder, was in the election of the Republican candidates, and worked vigorously for those candidates, Poor Mr. James, who really tried to make a case against Brady and Dorsey, and who was the only Republican politician of either faction who ever did so, felt thereby into bad odor with both factions of his party and found it agreeable to leave the Cabinet.

President Arthur may have the pain of refusing to pardon Brady and Dorsey; but that act of self-sacrifice will enable him to "unload" Brady and Dorsey either from his party or from himself.—*New York World.*

THE LATEST VERSION of the little interview between Don Cameron and the Philadelphia business men is that he did behave in a somewhat profane and piratical manner, making violent allusions to planks and powder magazines, but that he had the toothache and so was not responsible for his words and actions. This version does not precisely coincide with either of the earlier ones—to wit, (*a*) that no such interview took place; (*b*) that it took place but was conducted in a manner altogether Chesterfieldian Pickwickian—but it is likely to be very near the truth. Even his worst enemies are beginning to feel that some allowance is to be made for a 'boss' who simultaneously discovers that a crowbar has been inserted into the most delicate portion of his cherished "machine," and feels the torture of a raging tooth. And the great American people will hail with thankfulness this valuable and interesting addition to the too brief list of maladies and accident available to public men in difficulties. Malaria long since came to be regarded with the suspicion which attaches to intoxication. Mr. Blaine's endeavor to popularize the sunstroke some years ago was a comparative failure, being received with the utmost irreverence though perpetrated on a Sunday and on a church doorstep, if we mistake not. The use of the sunstroke, too, is so circumscribed that it can never command favor. It is not possible to apply it except during the noonday hours of midsummer, and its action is to render a man speechless—not to excuse his hasty speech. There was also a creditable attempt made some years ago to convert the honorable scars received by an Ohioan doorkeeper in single combat with a buzz-saw into profitable wounds of an alleged "Union soldier," but it failed of its effect, as (outside of Mr. Logan, who might believe it if the evidence in the Fitz John Porter case proved that it was not true) nobody could be found to believe that the rebels, however short of ammunition they may have been, ever took to firing sawmills at our troops. The toothache, however, is a convenient and comprehensive ailment. It is in season all the year round, and can be partaken of at any hour of the twenty-four. When it takes hold of a man it woos him to violent actions and vehement speech, and there are few persons who do not know how it is themselves. When, therefore, Don Cameron alleges that he had put a toothache into his mouth which stole away his brains, his statement will be received with a respect and sympathy which may even melt the mind to credulity. For ourselves we are free to state that he seems to have been afflicted with toothache all through the course of his political life. —*N. Y. World.*

DURING the last Presidential campaign a number of our iron manufacturers volunteered to assure their employes and the public that if Hancock was elected the mills would close for want of business, the iron trade would be ruined and of course the workingmen would be without employment and reduced to beggary. Hancock was not elected, mills are closed for want of orders, the tariff has not been reduced or disturbed, one hundred thousand men are without work who have been engaged in this industry with no immediate prospects of the mills resuming or the trade reviving. It was not honest or decent in manufacturers to predict ruin in case the Democratic party came into power, but they knew it was a potential party cry to help the Republicans and would succeed in confusing thousands of their men as to the real condition of affairs. Perhaps these people will now realize that panic and depression in trade are not dependent upon political parties, and will come no matter who is President, but it will not hush the demagogues who mount the stump to gain office; they will insist that it is the Republican party alone which cares for the workingmen and that the Protective tariff is solely for his benefit. Let the hundred thousand idle men answer.—*Pittsburg Post.*

AN ex-Mayor of Liverpool is of opinion that the outrages in Ireland are perpetrated by a small band of hirelings employed by the Fenians in America. That ex-Mayor, says the Pittsburgh *Telegraph*, should get a liverpad and keep on his own side of the pool. Too much gall.

HEARTILY RECOMMENDED.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums, Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News*

THE PRESENT, NOT THE PAST.

The Republican party as it is, and for years has been, is a foul disgrace upon the country and a curse to the people. Rescued from its subserviency to Cameronism, as projected by the Independents, it would be less venal. But we look as vainly to that body as to the Stalwarts for anything even remotely approaching proof that the party has not outlived its usefulness—that, whether ruled as at present, or "purified" by the overthrow of the bosses, it can longer be safely entrusted with the reins of government. The platform of the Independents and the utterances of their leaders are as barren of guarantee of relief from the grave political ills which afflict the country, as the meaningless platitudes the Stalwarts resolve in their conventions, indite for their organs and declaim from their stumps.

What, in brief, is the demand of the Independents? Simply that the offices shall be hereafter awarded to Republicans who now fill them—and that the practice of utilizing the public patronage for the furtherance of personal or partisan ends shall cease. Why, it is as clear as the noonday sun, that but for the public plunder thus manipulated, the Republican party would have been dead and buried years ago, and remembered now more vividly for the crimes of which it has been guilty, than for any virtues it ever developed. The folly of the South gave it victory in '60. Nothing could have distured its supremacy during the war. Nothing could have maintained its ascendancy more than a year or two after peace was declared, save what is vulgarly but significantly called "official pap." Take away from it now the support it receives from the beneficiaries of the thousands of Government sinecures it has defied the constitution to create and robs the people to maintain—the monies filched from National, State and municipal treasuries and expended to uphold its venal press and its corrupt ring organizations, and it will be swept away like chaff before the wind.

The Cameron clique have no principles. This will scarcely be disputed, except perhaps by office-holders, or those who hope to become office-holders, thro' its influence. The beginning, the middle and the ending of their ambition and their creed is spoils.

What principles, saving that they would displace personally dishonest Republican officials with personally honest Republican officials, have the Independents? This change would be a reformation, it is true, but it is far from comprehending all the country wants at this juncture.—*Wilkes-Barre Union-Leader.*

THE Harrisburg *Patriot*, in an article on "The Democratic Prospects" in this State at the November election, says:

The lesson of the past should be sufficient to teach the Democracy that *organization* is the great essential to success. The ticket to be nominated on the 28th inst., therefore, should be constituted not only with a view of presenting candidates of recognized fitness for the respective offices which they are expected to fill, but with an eye to the ability of the candidates to organize the party, align its voters in solid phalanx, and, in short, to assure the casting and counting of every possible Democratic vote in the State. It is plain, therefore, that the candidate for Governor ought to be no mere figure-head, however respectable, but a practical, level-headed, energetic man, who will be able to superintend his canvass in person and at the same time to cope with Messrs. Beaver and Stewart on the stump. The other candidates should be persons well qualified for the places for which they are named and able and willing to perform their due share of an active and thorough canvass. The convention can have no difficulty in finding material for such a ticket. Indeed it can hardly go wrong in making its selections from the list of eminent names already suggested for its consideration.

The platform to be adopted by the convention should have for its most prominent features the overthrow of the one-man power in the political affairs of the State, with its inherent corruptions; the abolishment of sinecures and useless offices; and the observance of a strict economy in the expense of conducting the State government. As the Democratic party refuses to tolerate any "bosses" of its own, it can consistently make the issue against the "bossism" which has suppressed the voice of the majority of the Republican party and yet the agency of that party controls the affairs of the State. And, by the way, it will be able to represent this issue all the more consistently and forcibly if it shall decline to be dictated to by certain self-styled "independent" journals which are in the habit of denouncing "bossism" without stint and yet seek to "boss" the Democratic party by prescribing who shall and who shall not be its candidates and even go so far as to threaten to support the candidate of the "boss" in case the Democrats make a certain nomination. The battle-cry will be "Down with One-Man Power," but no party can take up a slogan like that which permits itself to be cajoled or frightened by a would-be "boss" who sits on the fence and swaggers and threatens that chaos shall come again if his wishes are not respected. Let the party be true to itself and to those who deserve its honors and it will go to the people on the issue against the personal rule of Cameron meriting and most probably commanding success.

GONE TO JOIN THE COW BOYS.—A St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* special of the 4th says: "The bodies of young Washington and Fred Febrack were found in Red Rye, seventeen miles north of Perham, Minn., on Saturday. Washington was shot back of the right ear with a load of buck shot. Febrack's throat was cut, there was a bullet in his left cheek and a cut over his right eye, made by a club, which was found near by, covered with blood. The bodies were found about twenty rods apart. Washington was a surveyor from Bay City, Mich., about 30 years old.—Febrack was a German, about 20 years old, and lived in Perham. The suspected murderer is John Frebbett, 14 years old, who was seen in Perham with plenty of money, a watch, and a revolver which was known to have been in Washington's possession. He was in Fargo on Friday night, and said he was going to join the cowboys in Montana. Despatches were sent to Morehead to arrest him, but he got away. The murder is supposed to have been committed at least a week ago Frebbett's mother, who lives in Perham, seems indifferent about the boy's crime. He was a reader of the *Boys of New York* and similar literature, and had often been heard to say that he would join the cowboys."

A FREAK OF NATURE.—This morning a woman called at the Mayor's office and applied for a license to exhibit a monstrosity which was born on Buchanan street, Troy Hill, yesterday evening. The woman lives near the Catholic Orphan Asylum, in the Thirteenth ward, and was the owner of a cow which she valued at $70. Last night the cow was delivered of a *lusus naturæ* in the shape of a calf with two heads and eight legs, but only one body. Both the mother and her calf died and the woman desired to exhibit the latter to make up for the loss she had sustained. The calf was well formed and the two heads and eight legs were well developed. There were four eyes and four ears, all perfectly formed. The heads were on one common neck, but were separated at a considerable angle. Taken altogether the calf is a most curious beast, and will no doubt be a source of profit to the owner who was granted the desired license.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph, June 5.*

"IN A DECLINE."

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Last fall my daughter was in a decline and everybody thought she was going into the consumption. I got her a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and it cured her.

MRS. MARY HINSON,
Of all druggists. Montrose, Kan.

—The oldest deed in America is said to be in the possession of Major Leland, of New York. It was written eighteen years after the discovery of the New World by Columbus. This document is a conveyance of Fisher's Island, near the mouth of the Sound, from certain Indian chiefs to the celebrated navigator, John Cabot, whose signature it bears.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.—Hires' Improved Root Beer package makes five gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling temperance beverage. Ask your druggist for it, or sent by mail for twenty-five cents. Charles E. Hires, 48 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. [6-9.-13t.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Dyspepsia, the bug-bear of epicureans, will be relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The Chicago *Railway Age* says 3480 miles of railroad have been completed in the United States since January 1, 1882.

—Mr. Yennor predicts that the Saturdays and Sundays in June and July will be days of change to unfavorable weather.

—Ellis, one of the murderers of the Gibbons girl at Ashland, Ky., was lynched on Saturday by a crowd of 200 citizens.

—It is rumored in Washington that a Government bond plate has been stolen, and that $22,000,000 of spurious bonds have been issued.

—An Illinois woman of 80 has brought suit for divorce against her husband of 25. She thinks he married her for money, and not for love.

—If any dependence is to be placed on the news from Pennsylvania, blandly remarks the N. Y. *World*, the darkest hour is just before Don.

—The last small pox patient in South Bethlehem was discharged on Tuesday. During the prevalence of the disease there 119 persons died.

—Wm. A. Gordon, a native of England, died in Fredericktown, O., a few days ago. Authentic records show that he was nearly 110 years old.

—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. At James' drug store.

—A monument to Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the Fenians who were executed at Salford on November 23, 1867, was unveiled at Ennes, Canada, on Friday.

—The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumptive Cure." At James' drug store.

—The poorhouse in the town of Oesthanner, Sweden, has been destroyed by fire. Twenty persons were burned to death. The fire was caused by lightning.

—Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure At James' drug store.

—Franklin J. Moses, ex-Governor of South Carolina pleaded guilty to petite larceny in a New York court on Friday, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. At James' drug store.

—Joel Barry, aged 60, the fattest man in Maine, weight 400, was buried Saturday. The body had to be taken out through a window. There were ten pallbearers.

—Mrs. Eliza E. English, mother of Hon. William H. English, died at the residence of her son in Indianapolis on Wednesday afternoon. She was in her 85th year.

—Thomas Archer, colored, of Cardington, O., on Monday fatally shot two men named Sherman and Payne. It was expected that he would be lynched as soon as his victims died.

—Four children, the eldest 14 and the youngest two years, of John Jackson, were burned to death on Tuesday last at Harris Station, Me., while playing with fire during the absence of the parents.

—The London *Tablet* (Catholic) quotes from the *Tuam Herald* (County Galway) *News* testimony of Under Secretary Burke's kindness as a landlord. Meetings were held in Galway to express respect and regard for him.

—Gold in paying quantities has been discovered on the farm of Mr. Maxwell, in the town of Stockbridge, Wisconsin, and considerable machinery has been purchased to work the mines. Iron has also been discovered there.

—A Reading girl, who was living at service at Charleston, near Phœnixville, robbed her employer last Friday of $84 in order to afford her lover and herself funds to elope. The girl has been captured and the lover shook her and escaped.

—Three negroes who had repeatedly outraged Miss Hugh Bridges, aged 13 years, at Barlerville, Lonoke county, Ark., were caught on Saturday night, identified by the girl and hanged to a tree by a mob who rescued them from the officers.

—Two German children, Herman and Christine Plumer, aged respectively 11 and 8, were playing on a bridge at Adams, Mass., on Thursday, when the girl fell into the water. The boy jumped in to rescue her and both were drowned.

—In Orange county, Florida, on Monday Mr. Warburton, an Englishman, drove into Lake Eustis with a wagon containing his wife and twin children. The horse plunged into deep water, drawing the whole family after him. All were drowned.

—Four masked men attempted to rob a Missouri Pacific train near Laredo, Texas, but were fired upon by the guards in the mail car, and beat a hasty retreat, followed by a posse. One was killed, and another surrendered. Both were sons of respectable farmers.

—The boiler of an engine at Norrie, Wis., exploded on Saturday, killing the fireman, Henry Hopkins; blowing the engineer (name unknown) to atoms, fatally burning Fred Otto, and injuring four others so severely that there are doubts of their recovery.

—Early on Tuesday morning a fire broke out in the shaft of the Mike and Starte mine Leadville. The derrick was consumed before the fire was extinguished. Five men who were working in a drift failed to respond to the call-bell. It is feared they have been suffocated.

—On Sunday evening the schooner Industry, from St. Joseph, capsized just north of South Haven, Mich. All on board were drowned. The wreck was near shore and witnessed by hundreds, but owing to the terrible sea it was impossible to render any assistance to the drowning crew.

—According to Beaver, the Republican party has always been "fighting for purity and morality." When the General gets warmed up on that subject, it is to be hoped he will not forget to elucidate the "purity and morality" of the Returning Board steal in 1876 and the Dorsey purchase of Indiana in 1880.

—In Billings township, Gladwin county Mich., Anna Stevenson shot and instantly killed her husband, Wm. Stevenson, a man over 50 years of age. He had been away from home and she refused him admission. He was in the act of entering when she fired the fatal shot. The parties had quarreled before.

—A Cincinnati woman was swinging in a hammock in the seclusion of her back yard, and her feet hung down. A neighbor looked through the fence and cried, "Shoot them feet!" He was prosecuted, and, though he protested that he meant no adverse, criticism of the feet, nor disrespect of the owner, was fined $2.

—Mr. J. C. Bayles, editor of the *Iron Age* is of the opinion that the strike of the iron workers began on the 1st inst., is likely to be a long one. He thinks both parties to the contest are in good condition for a desperate and prolonged struggle. In the interest of national prosperity let us hope that Mr. Bayles is a false prophet.

—Two children of James McDonald found a railroad torpedo in the yard of their parents' residence in Troy on Friday afternoon, and, striking it with an axe, it exploded. One side of the head of the youngest child was blown away, and the other child suffered a fracture of the skull. One is dying and the other may not recover.

—The contract for publishing the Pennsylvania *Legislative Record* the next four years was on Monday last awarded to M. P. Hastings, of Jefferson county, at $5.56 a page. This is one dollar and four cents less than the contract price four years ago, and will make about three thousand dollars difference at a long session of the Legislature.

—John Casey, about 20 years old, was shockingly cut with a saw on Thursday while at work in Taylor's saw mill in Fairfield, Conn. His clothing became entangled in the machinery, which drew him over upon the saw. A deep gash was cut in his shoulder, and his chest was badly mutilated, exposing the left lung to view. He cannot recover.

—The boiler of Edward Dickerson's saw mill at Ruckersville, Va., exploded on Thursday, instantly killing young Davis, the engineer. James Carpenter, colored, was fatally injured, and died in a few hours. John Garvell, a one-armed man, had his remaining arm broken, and will probably lose it by amputation. Several other employes were injured.

—The Alta mine, at Virginia City, Nevada, was flooded on Wednesday of last week by the breaking of a pump column and subsequently giving way of a bulkhead. Six men were cut off by the flood, but they were found on Friday sitting in the cooling off house. Two men who went in a skiff to their rescue on Thursday were suffocated by heat and gas.

—While working on a scaffold at the new Catholic Cathedral at Erie, Pa., on Tuesday last, Julius Burger slipped, and hung suspended from the dome until his fingers gave way, and he fell 73 feet. He was picked up a bleeding mass, but life was not yet extinct. In his fall he struck and injured Daniel Conroy, the man who became a maniac over the 15 puzzle, and who was recently discharged from the asylum.

—Caleb Campbell, a negro who attempted to assault a white married lady in Fairfield county, S. C., on Wednesday, and abused her in such a manner that her life is despaired of, was taken from jail on Friday night by a party of citizens and hanged to a tree three miles from Winnsboro, the county seat of Fairfield county. His body was found next morning hanging to the tree.

—Levin Willey, of Reeness Ditch, Dorchester, Del., has reached the age of 100 years. He has been living with his present and third wife fifty-one years. He has been the father of twenty-two children. He was very active up to five years ago. At present he is feeble, awaiting the end of his long journey. For sixty years he was a successful muskrat hunter, having caught as many as 1,500 a single season.

—A short time since the residence of Sam Page, of Mill Beat, Ala., came near being burned by a rat which got into a box where there were some matches and paper. Biting the matches caused them to ignite, setting the paper on fire. Mr. Page happened to be awake, and hearing the rat and seeing the flames from the matches jumped out of bed and threw the box, papers and rat all in the fireplace, thus saving his home from destruction.

—The present and prospective wealth of Arizona is enormous. Within the year the mines of the Territory, which are as yet in their infancy, have paid dividends amounting to nearly $1,000,000. Nor is this all. Arizona aspires to become an agricultural Territory, and it is asserted that by the aid of artesian wells the desert lands can be made the most productive wheat-growing districts in the country. The grain fields of the valleys are now ready for the reaper.

—A dispatch from Calcutta to the London *Times* says it is stated that the Khonds, the aboriginal tribes in the Central Provinces, who, it was said on Saturday last, were creating trouble, had taken Bhawnapatna, the chief town of a tribe called Kultas, whom the Khonds accuse of agrarian encroachments. They looted the treasury and murdered over 400 people. Portions of the hair and flesh of the victims were distributed among the Hill Khonds to induce them to join the revolt.

—Rev. Alexius Lenarkieweiz laid the corner-stone of a new Polish Catholic church, to be known as St. Kaseimer, at Shenandoah, Pa., on Sunday afternoon, the erection of which will be vigorously pushed. There was a representation of Irish and German Catholic clergymen and their congregations from all parts of the county present. All the Polish societies, including the Polish National Guard, of Warsaw, numbering three or four hundred, paraded. The ceremonies were witnessed by 3,000 people.

—A special to the Boston *Herald* from Lumberton, N. C., contains an account of a terrible fight in St. Paul's township Friday between two women on account of a young man, which resulted in Frances McNair plunging a dirk knife into Jane McKellar's heart. They fought each other like tigresses, and the McKellar girl had nearly succeeded in choking Miss McNair to death, when the latter with a final effort released herself and stabbed her opponent in the heart and then swooned across the body.

—A Berlin newspaper mentions the case of a boy who fell sick and was found, after futile treatment for a long period, to have worms in one of his lungs that had unquestionably come from a pet dog which he had been accustomed to fondle. Two dangerous surgical operations were necessary for the removal of the parasite, and the lad barely survived them. The journal advises parents generally to take note of this case, and not to allow their children to kiss their pet animals or fondle them too freely.

—A destructive hail and wind storm occurred on Sunday afternoon, extending from Halifax to Garysburg, N. C., a distance of ten miles. Several houses were blown down, and huge trees uprooted. Matilda Gary (colored) and her two daughters, 4 and 15 years old, living near Garysburg, were killed by the blowing down of her house. The other members of the family narrowly escaped alive. The hailstones were as large as one's fist. It is feared much destruction to crops was done. Trains from the South have been delayed by blockades of fallen trees.

—A lad at La Salle, Ill., named Johnnie Carr, while crossing the Illinois Central Railroad bridge a few evenings ago, and when near the centre of the structure and directly over the middle of the river, was met by a drunken brute, who grabbed him and, in spite of his piteous appeals and pleadings, raised him over his head and hurled him to the stream below, a distance of sixty-five feet. The little fellow, who is up and going about again, in his terrible descent turned rapidly over several times, and when near the water he managed to straighten himself and struck the water feet foremost, which saved him his life. Two fishermen near by saw the fall and hastened to his rescue, and saved him as he was disappearing the last time.

—A boy of 17 and a girl of 19 started away together from a picnic at Indianapolis, bought some laudanum, made a fair division of it, and swallowed it. The dose was not enough to cause death. They had a sound sleep, and then awoke to find themselves still in the land of the living. Not weakened in their suicidal purpose, they went to a neighboring village and bought some more laudanum. Then they betook themselves to woods near by, sat down among the bushes, made another fair division of the poison, and again swallowed it. This time the dose was too large, that is, for the girl. Her stomach would not retain it and she threw it up. It settled the boy, however. In the course of a few hours he died, the girl holding him in her arms and kissing him. Then she left the body where it lay and went home to tell what had happened But what nobody can understand, and what the girl refuses to tell, is the reason for the strange conduct of the youthful couple.

THE N. Y. *World* says; "It is hard to understand why the workmen employed by our protectionist friends in Pennsylvania should be talking about strikes and such things. Have not Mr. John Roach and his brother employers mainly based their defense of the protective system on the ground that they desired legislation only that it may enable them to pay liberal wages to the American artisan, menaced by the competing "pauper labor" of Europe? Yet the American artisan now arises with his pockets full of money and declares that he is not paid what he considers good wages, and that the patriotic and philanthropic Mr. John Roach is the man of all men who stands in the way of liberal wages. Can it be—Oh, can it be—that while our Pennsylvania friends have been demanding protection in the name of the down drodden artisan, they have been steadily pocketing all the profits which should have been divided with him.

THE FREAK OF A YANKEE HEN.—Some time ago a hen was set upon ducks' eggs, and in due time the ducklings were out and on their way to the nearest water. Biddy was much alarmed at the apparent folly of her brood; but after a few days she lost all fear, and each morning she led them to the water and patiently waited until the ducks were done bathing. After a few weeks the ducks were able to take care of themselves, and the hen was set upon eggs of her own kind. When the chicks were hatched one day she had not forgotten what appeared to be maternal duty. She led her flock to the water, but to her surprise not one entered. After some time spent in talking to them in hen language, trying to convince them that it was their duty to go into the water, she became exasperated at what looked like disobedience on the part of her children, seized them one by one and threw them in, drowning the whole flock.

DELICATE FEMALES.

The exactness of society, added to the cares of maternity and the household, have tested beyond endurance the frail constitutions which have been granted the majority of women. To combat this tendency to premature decline, no remedy in the world possesses the nourishing and strengthening properties of MALT BITTERS. They enrich the blood, perfect digestion, stimulate the liver and kidneys, arrest ulcerative weaknesses, and purify and vitalize every function of the female system.

—A man who says he is not able to pay for a paper, remarks an exchange, ought to go at once to the county Court and have his wife appointed his guardian. Remember that a newspaper is worth more to a family than a three months' school. A family that takes a paper lives, as it were, in a house set upon a hill, from whose windows he can see all that is going on in the world. Friend, don't say you are not able to pay for your paper. Say you don't like the paper, or say you would rather live in ignorance; or declare that you do not want your children to learn anything; but don't say you can't pay—because you can't pay is to say that you are no man, have no backbone, and ought to be in the poor house.

GRAPE CURE FOR DROPSY AND RHEUMATISM.—Dropsical and Rheumatic persons find the use of Speer's Port Grape Wine, of New Jersey, and the Wine Bitters, of incalculable benefit. Their purity and valuable properties have given them a wide reputation among physicians throughout this country and Europe. This wine took the highest premium at the late Centennial. It is excellent for weary and debilitated females. For sale at James' drug store, Ebensburg.

"IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC," was the remark of a farmer who used Phenol Sodique. "I drove my mowing machine into a bees' nest, and was stung severely, but by the prompt use of the Phenol, I was relieved of pain instantly." For sale by druggists and general storekeepers. See advertisement.

LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

BISHOP GILMOUR PUTS HIMSELF ON RECORD AGAINST FEMALE POLITICIANS.

CLEVELAND, O., June 3.—Several weeks ago a Ladies' Land League was organized in this city. The movement was criticised by Bishop Gilmour, of this Diocese. At the next meeting of the League speeches denouncing the Bishop were made. Yesterday he issued a card setting forth his position in the matter, and further denouncing the League. After saying that no woman can become a brawling politician, and still remain a member of the Catholic Church in this diocese, he concludes as follows:

"Now, therefore, I, Richard Gilmour, by the grace of God and the appointment of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Cleveland, hereby and by these presents excommunicate and declare excommunicated *ipso facto*, and within the limits of the Diocese of Cleveland cut off from the communion of the Catholic Church, any woman now a member of the Parnell Branch of the Ladies' Land League of Cleveland who shall attend any meeting of said Ladies' Land League, in what is known as the Parnell Hall, Cleveland, or in any other hall, whether such meeting be held next Sunday afternoon or hereafter, at any other time or place.

"I further declare excommunicated, *ipso facto*, and within the limits of the Diocese of Cleveland, cut off from the communion of the Catholic Church any woman who shall, after the publication of this, join said mentioned Ladies' Land League. Female modesty must be maintained, let this cost be what it may. No Catholic woman shall be permitted to forget her womanhood, or if she does she shall, within the Diocese of Cleveland, cease to be in communion with the Catholic Church. We therefore direct that next Sunday, the inst., this letter shall be read at

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 9, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

MEETING OF COUNTY COMMITTEE.

The members of the Democratic Committee of Cambria county are requested to meet at the Court House, Ebensburg, on Tuesday, June 13, 1882, at 1 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to the State convention, appointing Congressional conferees, and a time for holding the primary elections, and transacting such other business as may come before it. As there are to be important changes in the rules governing the party, a full attendance of the Committee is earnestly requested.

T. H. HEIST, Chairman.

Ebensburg, June 1, 1882.

IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.

Having secured the sole right to use what is known as the Fluke Economizing Tablet in this county, we propose to furnish one of these useful articles free of charge to any person who will send or bring us an order for the printing of five hundred letter-heads, note-heads, bill-heads, statements, or any other work of that description, all of which we are fully prepared to do in the best manner and at the very lowest cash prices. Now is the time to send or bring in your orders.

ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS INDEBTED TO US.

Persons owing us for one or more years would do well to pay up on or before the first day of July next, and in order to induce them, if possible, to do so, we propose until that date to accept $1.50 per year from all residing in the county and $1.70 from those out of it. A like reduction will be made in all amounts due us for advertising, job work, etc. After the time indicated, however, no discount will be allowed, nor will any more coaxing be done, as we have fully determined to collect what can be collected from all who owe us for two years or more. Look out for squalls if you don't take advantage of the fair weather.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For a nice hat of any kind go to Oatman's.

—For a nobby hat in either felt or straw go to Oatman's.

—Imported salt, expressly for butter making, at Oatman's.

—For silk handkerchiefs, club ties and gloves, go to Oatman's.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have just received another lot of wall paper.

—Garnet chain, all colors and qualities, for sale by V. S. Barker & Bro.

—A car load of corn and oats chop just received by V. S. Barker & Bro.

—A Hollidaysburg little girl is the proud owner of six nice toes on one foot.

—Yesterday was Corpus Christi, a holy day of obligation in the Catholic Church.

—That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

—The next session of Argument Court will be held here on the first Monday in August.

—If you want something extra fine in a child's French kid shoe drop in at Oatman's.

—If you want a nice hammock, either large or small, at a reasonable price, drop in at Oatman's.

—A good kip boot for men at $2.50 per pair at Oatman's. Worth half a dozen pairs of low shoes.

—Dyspepsia, heart-burn, nausea, indigestion, etc., are always relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—John Knerema was killed at Sand Patch, Somerset county, on Monday, while trying to board a train.

—Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—Paints, oils, varnishes, turpentine, window glass, nails, and building hardware, for sale at Barkers'.

—A life preserver: "Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound." Price 25 cents per bottle.

—For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. At James' drug store.

—The largest stock of ladies', misses' and children's fine shoes in Ebensburg can be found at Oatman's.

—A crank was in town on Wednesday with a hand organ. We know it was a crank because we saw the man turn it.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—Anything in the way of syrups, sugars, or choice groceries, can be bought at low prices from V. S. Barker & Bro.

—The New World's Dispensary and Invalid's Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y., is now completed and ready to receive patients.

—Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. At James' drug store.

—Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief? Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1. At James' drug store.

—McDonald, of Loretto, wants 10,000 pounds of wool in exchange for goods, and will allow the highest market prices therefor.

—Our townsman, Mr. David Evans, is to be congratulated on the laying of a brick pavement in front of his store and residence on High street.

—If you want to do a nice job of whitewashing don't fail to get the Great Western Honey Comb lime, sold only in Ebensburg by M. L. Oatman.

—Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. At James' drug store, Ebensburg.

—If you want to make good butter you must use good salt. V. S. Barker & Bro. have just received a lot of Higgins' fine salt the best in the world for butter.

—Chairman Conrad has called another meeting of the Executive Committee, J. V. D. A., to be held in McVeytown to-morrow. Can't possibly attend; time too precious.

—Baby chair swing, something new, saves rocking the baby, swings itself and prevents many a squall. Price only $1.00, sold by M. L. Oatman and nobody else in Ebensburg.

—A special temperance service will, by order of the bishops of the M. E. Church, be held in all the Sunday schools of that denomination in the United States on Sunday, July 9th.

—One dollar will buy a nice folding rocking chair of the "Queen Anne Pattern," with Brussels carpet seat, strong enough for any man and handsome enough for any parlor, at Oatman's.

—As grass comes up butter goes down, the ruling price now being 15 cents per pound. Not so with eggs, however, for which 18 cents per dozen have still to be realized out.

—There were more drunken men to the square inch in town on Monday last than we remember to have ever seen before. And yet we don't think the new Court House is to blame for it.

—For summer dresses you want lawns, figured and plain, percales, swiss, or some such goods, and you will find the largest assortment of these and all other kind of dress goods at Barkers'.

—Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physicians. Address for treatise with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

—It the man who manipulates the rope attached to the bell at the Union school house gets paid by the ring, and his wages are at all commensurate with the labor performed, he has a mighty "soft thing" of it.

—Brother Woodruff, of the Johnstown *Democrat*, is the only Cambria county journalist who possessed the necessary sand to take in the editorial "excursh" to Washington City, Mount Vernon, &c., this week.

—The new P. R. R. time table, which went into effect on Sunday last, has made no change on our branch road except in the morning train, which leaves here at 7:10, or thirty-five minutes earlier than heretofore.

—The many friends of Dr. A. Griffith, of this place, and their name is legion, will be sorry to learn that impaired health has compelled him to relinquish the practice of his profession. May it not be for long.

—Letters for John Douthitt, R. S. Harris, Miss Annie Duman, Miss Cassie M. Parrish Evan Roberts, Miss Maud Lother, Master Joy Traxler and Mrs. Catharine Wagner remain uncalled for at the Ebensburg postoffice.

—Our widower friend, Mr. Timothy Davis, of Jackson township, took unto himself a wife the other day in the person of Mrs. Gray, daughter of Mr. Henry Rager, of the same township. Peace and plenty be with them.

—We learn from the Carrolltown *News* that Nora, a two-year-old daughter of Mr. Joseph Lantzy, jr., of Susquehanna township, fell and broke the large bone in one of her legs, just below the knee, on Sunday of last week.

—A pure, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold, clover blossoms, etc., fragrant with the healing essences of balsam and pine. Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for $1.

—That skillful physician and worthy son of Cambria, Dr. M. J. Buck, of Altoona, succeeded a few days ago in removing an immense cancer from the breast and side of a lady named Gabriel, who is now doing well and will no doubt recover.

—Parents who allow their children to grow up with scrofulous humors bursting from every pore are guilty of a great wrong. Think of them pointed out as branded with a loathsome disease, and you will readily procure them the Cuticura Remedies.

—Ten thousand pounds of good dry wool are wanted immediately by McDonald, of Loretto, who will pay one-half cash, if need be, and the balance in goods, allowing the highest price for the wool and furnishing the goods at the very lowest fig ures.

—There is some talk of getting up something for the coming Fourth that will be attractive enough to keep people at home and at the same time result in pecuniary profit to Ebensburg's newly organized silver cornet band. Hope the thing will culminate.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's great Laboratory, Lynn, Mass., is turning out millions of packages of her celebrated Compound, which are being sent to the four winds, and actually find their way to all lands under the sun and to the remotest confines of modern civilization.

—A children's picnic on behalf of the Church of the Holy Name, this place, is in contemplation for the coming anniversary of American Independence. Hope it will bud forth, and that lots of people will put forth every effort to make it an event worthy of the glorious Fourth.

—An elegant stove-pipe hat of the latest design and finest finish reached this place on Tuesday last, and a thorough investigation which followed soon after revealed the fact that Doc. Richards, just back from a visit to his home in Zanesville, Ohio, was concealed under the "plug." Selah!

—And now comes Mr. John M. King, of Joonstown, who doth depose and say that he will use all honest and honorable means to secure the Democratic nomination for Assembly at the ensuing primary election—a position which no one doubts his ability to fill with credit to himself and the people of the county.

—E. R. Dunegan, Esq., of St. Augustine, sends us a local letter, published elsewhere, but to which he was too modest to sign his name, giving an interesting account of the finding of the remains of one of the aboriginal denizens of that section, and also transmits several souvenirs of the departed red man, which can now be seen at this office by those curious in such matters.

—The Hollidaysburg *Register* tells of a young man who took two young ladies out driving the other day, and when they reached the wilds of Cambria county they had to cross a stream. While crossing the wheels of the buggy came in contact with a rock and the young man fell over the dashboard into the water—which was high—and the young ladies pulled him out and rescued him from a watery grave.

—The case of Karl Meyer, convicted of burglary, will go down to history as the first one disposed of by jury trial in the new Court House, and with it should go the names of the jurors, which are as follows: Philip Anstead, Wm. Brown, F. H. Barker, R. L. Davis, John Hogue, John S. McCoy, Richard E. Thomas, M. J. Thomas, John E. Storm, John Ribblett, Augustine Yost, and one other whose name we did not learn.

—A fact we intend every week to repeat, so that the reader, if he's wise and discreet, may profit thereby, is this: John Owens is as fair in his dealings as any other man anywhere, and when we tell you that dry goods and groceries, and many things more, are sold very cheap at his variety store, the intention of course is to induce you to pay a visit to John, who'll make good what we say, and will do it every time, buy what you may.

—People who attend court next week can turn many an honest penny in the saving of them by paying a visit to the variety store of C. T. Roberts and investing in a nice hat, a neat pair of shoes, well made and of the very best stock, or any one or more of the hundreds of other articles with which that really deserving establishment is now filled to repletion. Don't fail, therefore, to give C. T. Roberts a call when you visit our town for any purpose at all.

—A Huntingdon lady who is a staunch Republican, named her canary bird Jim Beaver, in honor of Don Cameron's candidate for Governor. He did not sing much, but she loved him tenderly, until a few days ago she discovered that Jim had laid an egg, and she now declares that no dependence can be placed in a politician. Her candidate, Jim Beaver, hasn't laid an egg, so far as heard from, but he has been doing a good deal of cackling in the eastern part of the State.

—On last Saturday night John Bircher, proprietor of the American house at Webster, in the southwestern portion of Westmoreland county, was shot by Charles Smith, a German butcher, with whose wife Smith alleges Bricher was criminally intimate. It is thought that Bricher will die. Smith was arrested and lodged in the Greensburg jail. Crime of a high grade appears to be rapidly on the increase in Westmoreland county judging from the record of its Court proceedings.

—Mr. Julius Egar, of Washington township, an esteemed friend and patron of the FREEMAN, who was doing duty here as a jurymau, was called home on Tuesday by the sad intelligence that his little son Frederick, aged between 7 and 8 years, was about dying of that relentless malady, diphtheria, with which another of his children, a little daughter, is also afflicted. Mr. Egar lost two other children from the same cause about five years ago. God pity the stricken household.

—Among the petitions presented to Court on Monday last was one by Messrs. Johnston & Scanlan on behalf of the citizens of Summitville borough asking for the annulment of the charter of said borough, which was confirmed, and another by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., on behalf of certain citizens of Portage twp. asking for the appointment of Philip Hopfer as constable of said township, which was done. A. J. Reilly, Esq., of Altoona, was at the same time admitted to practice in the several Courts of this county.

—The Indiana county Democratic convention on Tuesday last selected for their delegates to the State Convention, Joseph M. Thompson and James B. Sansom. The convention instructed for Hon. Silas M. Clark for Supreme Judge, but left delegates free as to other candidates.

—McDonald, of Loretto, is selling off all his spring and summer goods at old panic prices, as the following will testify: Calico, 5 to 8c. per yard; muslin, 5 to 10c. per yard; ginghams, 8 to 12c. per yard; suitings, 7 to 12c. per yard; tickings, 12 to 25c. per yard; Kentucky jeans, 10 to 25c. per yard; fancy dress goods, 10 to 20c. per yard; lawns, buntings, dress ginghams, etc., at cost. Also, boys' suits at $3.00 to $10; men's suits at $5.00 to $16.00. Straw hats from 5c. to $1.00, and boots, shoes, hats, caps, and all kinds of gents furnishing goods at equally low prices to reduce stock.

—The New York Clothing Hall, 210 Main street, Johnstown, promises more in the way of first-class wearing apparel at prices unprecedented for cheapness than any other clothing house in this section of the State that we have yet heard from. So great, indeed, are the inducements offered that it is simply impossible to excel them, and those of our patrons who still need a new suit for warm weather wear will never get a better chance to save money and secure staunch and stylish outfits than is open to them now at this big bargain bazaar. One price and no deviation is the rule and best goods and bottom prices the guarantee given to all buyers.

—The Huntingdon *News* says that on Friday morning last, about three o'clock, as two Hungarians named Waseo Andres and Michael Fretschnich were walking on the railroad track, at Coal Siding, near Mill Creek, Andres was struck by the western express and instantly killed. His body, which was frightfully mangled, was brought to that place and an inquest was held by Squire Kelly. The remains were buried in the cemetery the same evening. Deceased was aged about 40 years, and was a native of Petro, Hungary, which country he left about three months ago. Fretschnich, who was unable to speak English, was taken in charge by Gil Greenberg, who provided for his bodily wants, and sent him to Orbisonia, where he will be employed at the Furnace.

—The Cambria County Bar Association held a meeting in the Library room of the new Court House on last Monday evening, when the following named persons were elected to serve as officers for one year: President, R. L. Johnston; Vice President, John P. Linton; Treasurer, Wm. H. Rose; Secretary, A. V. Barker. A Board of Censors and a Board of Managers were also appointed, and a number of the members signed the roll, some for annual subscription and others for life, the fees for the former being $10 on becoming a member and $10 per annum afterward, while the payment by the latter of $60 will entitle them to all the benefits of the organization for life. The Association will have the use of two elegant rooms in the rear of the court room.

—As it seems to do the Carrolltown *News* an immense amount of good to carp at the FREEMAN, and don't do us any harm, we suppose it is as well to let it enjoy itself in that way, though we are "just dying to know" when, where and how "we, who were "only an invited guest" at the dedication banquet, found fault with the Carrolltown band. Did the fault-finding consist in our play upon the words "band quit" and "banquet," or in the pleasure expressed at the fact that the music began again after the banquet was over? Everybody who was there knows that the band didn't play, nor was it intended that they should, while the feast was going on, but how the mere mention of such a matter can be distorted into fault-finding is something which nobody but the erudite editor of the *News* can explain. And while he is in the explanation business, perhaps it would be as well for him to furnish the name of the party who, as he alleged, bought and therefore didn't steal a lot of oats, etc., on a certain night not many moons ago from Mr. Jacob Zern, of Carroll township. The latter gentleman is anxious to obtain all the light possible on that naughty subject, and as the *News* pretends to be great, indeed, are the inducements offered that it is simply impossible to excel them, and those of our patrons who still need a new suit for warm weather wear will never get a better chance to save money and secure staunch and stylish outfits than is open to them now at this big bargain bazaar. One price and no deviation is the rule and best goods and bottom prices the guarantee given to all buyers.

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SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON THE RAILROAD.—*A Married Woman and a Young Girl Killed between Lilly's Station and Sonman, P. R. R.*—We are indebted to a Washington correspondent for the following facts in connection with a most heartrending calamity which occurred on the P. R. R., on last Monday morning, between Lilly's and Sonman stations: Some time before 10 o'clock A. M., on that day Mrs. John Mentzger, whose husband lives about two miles west of Lilly's, left home for that place, taking the railroad in preference to the public highway. Between two and three hundred yards from her house, and at the point of a curve called Leap's cut, she met Mollie Montgomery, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Patrick Montgomery, who was engaged with a bucket in gathering coal spilled along the road from the cars. Mrs. Mentzer stopped to talk with Miss Montgomery, and seeing a coal train approaching from the west they stepped over to the south track, out of the way, when the Pacific express train from the east, then about due at the curve, came along at a rapid rate, the two unfortunate women not noticing or thinking of its approach, and the locomotive struck Mrs. Mentzer and threw her under the coal train, the wheels of which literally cut her body into pieces. Miss Montgomery, who was also struck and thrown on the south side of the track, was bruised and mutilated in such a dreadful manner that she lived only about two hours after being taken home. Mrs. Montgomery is the mother of two other girls and one boy, all of whom are younger than the daughter who was killed. Mrs. Mentzer's mangled remains were taken back to the house she had just left, where her husband is lying dangerously ill, and whose death it is feared will be hastened by his wife's sudden and dreadful fate. She was the mother of five children, the youngest of whom is only a few months old. This sudden and terrible calamity which has overtaken two households is peculiarly distressing and has caused a general feeling of sorrow for the two unfortunate women and deep sympathy for their bereaved families.

MR. WILLIAM MCGAUGHEY, who, with his brother Matthew, who survives him, resided in the vicinity of Kaylor's Station, Munster township, and who went to live with his son-in-law, James C. Sproal, in Pittsburg, something over a year ago, but subsequently returned to his old home, and died at the residence of his brother above named, on the 28th of last month. The deceased had been a citizen of this county since 1835, and at the time of his death was aged about eighty years. He was a Tyrone county Irishman, was gifted with a large fund of mother wit, as it is called, and all in all was a peculiar man, both in his speech and in his actions. He led an honest, upright life, and died as he had lived, a devoted member of the Catholic Church. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery, Loretto, on Tuesday, May 30th. May his soul rest in peace.

A RELIABLE CONCERN.—The advertisement of "Our Sunny South," which appears in this issue, is an honest one, and our readers will loose nothing by reading every word of it. It speaks for itself. The paper is a first-class one, devotes a large amount of space in each issue to giving reliable information in regard to Texas and the attractions it offers to immigrants, and the publishers are highly recommended as reliable busines men. They make this proposition in order to secure as large a circulation as possible. We believe none of our readers will regret it if they send them a club of subscribers. The handsome premiums they offer are certainly worth some little effort. In sending them a club don't forget to mention this paper.

MRS. MARIA J. STORM, relict of the late Dr. D. T. Storm, of this county, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Darragh, in Bridgewater, Beaver county, on Thursday of last week, aged about seventy-five years. Her maiden name was Agnew and her father resided here as early as 1819 and was engaged in storekeeping, but a few years afterward moved to Johnstown, where the deceased lived, we presume, when she was married. The family afterwards resided in Adams township, and subsequently in Washington township, where the Doctor died several years ago. Mrs. Storm was a highly respectable lady and was loved and esteemed by all who knew her.

MR. JOSEPH BARNETT, son of Mr. James Barrett, dec'd, late of Clearfield township, died in Texas, on Thursday last, aged about thirty-six years. We did not learn the cause of his death, but understand that his brother, Dr. James Barnett, jr., has gone to the Lone Star State to look after his affairs and perhaps bring the body home for interment, though of this we have no knowlege. May his soul rest in peace.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by E. James, sole agent, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-9.-1y.]

JUSTICE IN HER NEW TEMPLE.

A BRIEF RESUME OF THE MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS DONE IN OUR COUNTY COURT THIS WEEK.

Following is a condensed report of the Commonwealth cases disposed of by jury trial and otherwise during the present week:

The Borough of Johnstown vs. Rob't Henderson —appeal. This and nine other similar cases were ordered by Judge Dean to be heard at next Argument Court.

Com'th vs. Philip Paul—indictment, fornication and bastardy: Annie Kelly, prosecutrix. On motion of District Attorney and leave of Court, a *nolle pros.* was entered on payment of costs by defendant. Paper filed.

Com'th vs. Hudson Trout—fornication and bastardy: Mary S. Kirkpatrick, prosecutrix. Case disposed of as above.

Com'th vs. Martin Oaks—adultery. Defendant "not taken."

Com'th vs. Ellen McGuire—fornication: J. J. Troxell, constable, prosecutor. *Nolle pros.* entered on payment of costs by the county.

Com'th vs. James Lang—selling liquor without license and keeping a tippling house: J. A. McCartney, constable, prosecutor. Defendant "not taken."

Com.th vs. John E. Bell, W. P. Walker and Thos. Seabrook—creating and maintaining a nuisance. *Nolle pros.* entered on payment of costs by def'ts.

Com'th vs. Lewis Mosebaugh—fornication and bastardy: Rebecca Shaffer, prosecutrix. Defendant "not taken."

Com'th vs. Francis Gray—wilfully pointing a pistol: Albert Carpenter, prosecutor. On motion of D. Fenlon, Attorney, *nolle pros.* entered on payment of costs by defendant.

Com'th vs. Martin Bouser—shooting with intent to kill and assault and battery. Defendant "not taken."

Com'th vs. Casper Zink—larceny and receiving stolen goods. Defendant pleads guilty and submits. Not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. Karl Meyer—burglary. This is the first case that went to the jury, the prisoner, who plead "not guilty," being one of the parties who sacrilegiously robbed the convent of the Sisters of St. Benedict at Carrolltown of various articles on the night of the 17th of last month. The evidence against the accused was so strong and convincing that a verdict of guilty was speedily reached by the jury. Not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. Wm. Sell—assault and battery. Not a true bill, and John Rush, the prosecutor, to pay the costs and four dollars to the county.

Com'th vs. Frank McGuire—larceny and receiving stolen goods. The defendant and his sureties being three times called in open court, and defendant not appearing, his recognizance was declared forfeited to the court.

Com'th vs. David Finegan—assault with intent to commit a rape and assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty as in manner and form indicted. Not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. Wm. and Thos. Doran—assault and battery. Not a true bill, and Philip Paul, prosecutor, to pay the costs.

Com'th vs. Philip Paul—assault and battery and carrying concealed weapons: Wm. Doran, prosecutor. Defendant found guilty, but not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. Al. McCauley—larceny and receiving stolen goods. Defendant and his surety being called three times in open court, and defendant not appearing, his recognizance was declared forfeited.

Com'th vs. John Larimer—fornication and bastardy: Mary Jane Davis, prosecutrix. Defendant plead guilty and submitted, and was sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar, costs of prosecution, and five dollars per month for maintenance. Death of the superstitious offspring having occurred soon after birth, no further sentence was imposed.

Com'th vs. Margaret Johns—shooting with intent to kill. Not a true bill.

Com'th vs. David Roberts—fornication and bastardy. Defendant "not taken."

Com'th vs. Daniel Hughes and Wm. Bosted—resisting an officer and assault and battery. Guilty as in manner and form indicted. Not sentenced.

Com'th vs. John Riley—larceny and receiving stolen goods. Guilty; not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. Stephen Herdman—fornication and bastardy: Annie Harding, prosecutrix. Defendant found guilty, and the usual sentence imposed and bonds in the sum of $600 for the maintenance of the child for the term of seven years required.

Com'th vs. Joseph Mills—rape and assault and battery. Defendant is a mere lad, being but 14 years old, and the trial occupied considerable time. The jury wasn't long in returning a verdict of not guilty.

Com'th vs. John Miller—larceny and receiving stolen goods. Guilty; not yet sentenced.

Com'th vs. T. H. Heist—selling liquor to minors. True bill; case discontinued.

Com'th vs. John Logan, George McClelland, Albert Bailey, Michael Lafferty and John McMorris —malicious mischief. Guilty in manner and form as indicted.

Com'th vs. Joseph Evans—assault and battery: Bridget Rodgers, prosecutrix. Not guilty, but that he pay two-thirds of the costs and the county the other third.

Com'th vs. George Stokes, George M. Buterbaugh, et al.—malicious mischief. Not guilty, and prosecutor, John Egner, to pay the costs.

Court adjourned finally at 10 o'clock Wednesday night. Owing to a defect in the gasoline arrangement, the light went out at about that hour and the adjournment was necessarily precipitated. The attendance was comparatively small, but large enough to be unanimous in the expression of the opinion that the Court House is not a complete success, acoustically considered.

SOLD FOR A SONG, SO TO SPEAK.—The old court house and the old jail (we don't capitalize either because they have ceased to be capital buildings), in so far as the wood, brick and stone work are concerned, were sold at public sale last Saturday afternoon. The court house, around which cluster the memories of Michael Dan Maghan, Michael Hasson, Phil Noon, "Dos" Noon, Charley Murray, Abram Kopelin and many other extinguished lights which once burned brightly, was sold for the paltry sum of $52. Arnold Downing was the builder of the edifice, and it took him the major part of 1837-8 to complete the contract. He builded full up to the contract price, which was $7,000, and the memory of Mr. Downing will go down with the fact that the foundations are found to-day as solid as if they were solid rock. It is related of Mr. Downing that he incorporated in the solid masonry of the wall a bottle of whisky containing the measure of a quart. By the provisions of the bill of sale, the building must be removed inside ninety days, though an extension of time is hinted at for the purpose of permitting the several county conventions to have a place to wrangle and quarrel in. But when the dismantling does come, that quart of what Mr. Francis Murphy is apt to style "the beverage of hell" will most likely be carefully looked after in its discovery.

The old jail was built in the year 1848. A gentleman by the name of McKiernan, of Johnstown, was the contractor, and John W. Evans and Evan D. Evans did the carpenter work. John W. lives in Bloomington, Ill., while Evan D. still resides in Ebensburg. Both gentlemen are employed at the time of a man whose name is a badge of honor on those who wear it—David H. Roberts. This pile was sold for $50. Mr. Wm. C. Williamson was the purchaser of both properties. The military title of Mr. Williamson is Corporal and he bid in the purchase in behalf of our local military organization—Co. A, Fifth Regiment, N. G. P. The bell alone, which has poetically "summoned many to heaven and to hell," is worth more than either of the figures quoted. The full sum of $102, less discount for prompt payment, was passed over to the County Commissioners and a receipt taken. It will be less than four months ere the new armory will be an accomplished fact.

SILVER JUBILEE OF A BELOVED PRIEST.—The Carrolltown *News* gives a lengthy account of the celebration on Sunday, May 30th, of the 25th anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Prior Kopf, O. S. B., of that place, which was attended by a goodly number of priests, six sisters of the worthy Prior, all of whom reside in Pittsburgh, a large concourse of relatives and friends from Johnstown and elsewhere, and an immense throng of both sexes belonging to Carrolltown and neighboring congregations. The ceremonies consisted of a Grand High Mass, a sermon in German and another in English, the music by the excellent choir, an elegant banquet, the presentation of a number of valuable articles, comprising a watch and purse from the congregation, a saddle and bridle from Johnstown friends, a massive silver snuff-box from Messrs. Geis, Foster & Quinn, of the same place, a silver-headed cane from Mr. Meyer, also of Johnstown, and a stole, surplice, beretta and umbrella from the Sisters of St. Benedict, Children of Mary, several young ladies and a number of little school children respectively, followed by Vespers in the afternoon and a splendid supper in the evening. The entire affair was a credit to the participants, and a deserved compliment to the venerated priest.

FREE OF COST.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at E. James' drug store, and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. Klug's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar size bottle will do.

EBENSBURG PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The Latterner House, one of the largest, most modern, most desirable and best located hotels in Ebensburg, or Cambria county, is offered for sale on the most accommodating terms. It is a brick building, with a mansard roof, has a stable attached, and is complete and commodious throughout. Also, a large, new two story frame dwelling house and lot of ground on Julian street, Ebensburg, now in the occupancy of John Brown, Esq. For further information call on or address C. H. LATTERNER, Altoona, Pa.

THE HIGHEST RANK.

Made from harmless materials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken highest rank as a reliable hair restorative.

THE cards of Messrs. D. A. Luther and John Carney, candidates respectively for Sheriff and Poor Director have been added to the list this week. Both deserving men.

10,000 IN PREMIUMS absolutely No Chromos! No Humbug! NO CHEAP JEWELRY! **GIVEN AWAY!**

SECOND GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS AMONG AGENTS FOR **Our Sunny South.**

On the 25th day of July, 1882, the Second Grand Distribution of Premiums among Agents for "Our Sunny South" will take place, at which time the publishers will distribute among the agents the following list of Premiums:

GRAND PREMIUMS!

One Im'd Farm, near Brownwood, Tex., val.	$1,000	*One Ladies' Gold Watch, valued at*	$65
One Elegant Rosew'd Square Grand Piano, val.	800	*One Cash Premium of $50 in Gold.*	
One Elegant Parlor Organ, valued at	250	*One First-Class Sewing Machine, valued at*	50
One Cash Premium of £100 in Gold.		*One Gentleman's Coin Silver Watch, valued at*	35
One Farm Wagon, valued at	80	*One Cash Premium of $25 in Gold.*	

The remaining Premiums consist of Clocks, Watches, Household Articles, Novelties, Books, Toilet Articles, Musical Instruments, &c. Everything warranted first-class, and satisfaction guaranteed. We positively agree not to send out any chromos (so called), or cheap jewelry. The country is already flooded with trash of that character.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE PREMIUMS!

These Premiums are given for (not to) subscribers. We are not in the market buying subscribers, or selling cheap goods at a dear price by throwing in a paper. The Premiums are given to Agents who obtain subscribers for our paper. Anyone can act as Agent. Our Sunny South is an eight-page, forty-column monthly paper, devoted to the interests of the home and farm. It is carefully edited, and elegantly printed on good paper. It has a "Ladies' Department," which, each month, is filled with valuable information in regard to Texas. This feature alone is worth the subscription price. It also has a "Ladies' Department" and a "Children's Department." It does not publish continued stories; it contains nothing immoral or sensational; it is not an advertising sheet. The publishers are endeavoring to publish a good paper at a low price, pure in tone and elevating in morals. Its motto is, "Fighting for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful." The subscription price of Our Sunny South is only 50 cents per year. There is no reduction on this price to anyone. We desire to introduce this paper into 50,000 new homes within the next six months, and consequently make this liberal offer. Anyone who will send us a club of four subscribers, at fifty cents each, will receive a certificate entitling the holder to *One Share* in our

Grand Distribution of Premiums!

And every certificate is guaranteed to receive a Premium. REMEMBER, do not confound this with any lottery, or any other humbug. There are no blanks, and every certificate is guaranteed to receive a handsome premium. There will be no postponement, but the distribution will take place exactly on the date specified. The premiums will be delivered to our Agents absolutely free, except where articles are too bulky. In such cases they will be sent by freight or express at the Agent's expense. If you send us four subscribers you will receive one certificate; eight subscribers, two certificates; twelve subscribers, three certificates; sixteen subscribers, four certificates: or, if you send us a club of twenty subscribers we will send you six certificates; and *every* certificate is *guaranteed to receive a Premium.* The more certificates you hold, the better your chance for drawing one of the Grand Premiums.

OUR RELIABILITY.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that we are personally acquainted with the publishers of Our Sunny South, and know them to be responsible business men, who will faithfully do what they promise.

COGGIN BROS. & CO., Bankers. PECAN VALLEY BANK. Smith & Steffens, Prop's. J. MICKEL, Postmaster. Browntown, Texas.

WHO HAVE RECEIVED PREMIUMS!

In our December, 1881, distribution, the following persons received the Grand Premiums: Lowry Gavan, New Orleans, La., 160 acres of land; H. S. Koons, Audenried, Pa., 80 acres of land; Miss Annie Chapman, Savage, S. C., a parlor organ; Peter Blystone, Youngport, Texas, a farm wagon; and every person holding a certificate received a premium.

Now is the time to make up clubs. Send money by P. O. order, registered letter, or draft on New York. *Write names plainly*, and don't neglect to give your Postoffice, County, and State. Address all communications

[6-9.-5t.] **Publisher OUR SUNNY SOUTH, Brownwood, Texas.**

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT TAKES A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

JOHNSTOWN, June 7, 1882.

DEAR MCPIKE—I have just returned from a drive through the country, for which I am indebted to my old-time friend, Joseph Shoemaker, the proprietor of the Mansion House. Wonderful are the changes in and around Johnstown, and indeed everywhere throughout Cambria county that I have been. Besides the great growth of each place, I find a corresponding advancement in every portion of the county. The manner in which mountain regions have been opened up and utilized is really marvelous. The husbandman who first had the temerity to attempt to clear the surface of the mountain; the first surveyor with his compass, axe and chain, and the first engineer, if living, will remember the chain carrying and road-fixing through the mountain thickets, which were so dense that it was almost impossible to see through them. They were almost as impenetrable as a Mexican chaparal. The very huntsman's life was in danger in attempting to penetrate the inextricable labyrinth of the laurel thickets. The laurel of the mountain, twisted together in every conceivable shape of knobs and tortuities and so interwoven, made it difficult for an animal to pass through them. The first engineer who first located the Old Portage Railroad across the mountain discovered the skeletons of several men who had been lost and starved to death in the laurel thickets. I shall not now attempt a description of the progress of civilization, but will merely say that where a few years ago there were dense woods I now see fields of waving grain.

In my run through the country I find that tho' the backward season has retarded Spring work, no apprehension is regarding the crops need be felt. The corn crop will be two or three weeks late, but there is plenty of time yet; in fact it is a question with many farmers in this region whether the middle or last of June is not the best available period for the planting of corn. Much planting will be done this year, as the crop of last year was a failure, and the high prices have induced farmers in this region with the wisdom of making provision for last year's short crop, and are planting this year with a vigor never before exhibited. In consequence of the drought last season all vegetation suffered and the crop was so materially reduced that there was a speculative advance in values, which is increasing stimulence in agricultural activity in Cambria. In this northern latitude a greatly increased acreage will be planted. It is too early to speculate on what the crop will be, but an improvement on the quality and quantity of last season's crop is confidently looked for.

With the promise of a fruitful season there is also a promise of a good Democ

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THE APPLE ORCHARD.

WHY TREES DIE OUT WITHOUT GIVING DUE RETURNS, WITH A REMEDY.

A paper read before the Potomac Fruit Growers at their April meeting points out the cause and the remedy for apple trees that die out befor giving due returns for the time and land they occupy. Mr. Peison began his paperwit h the assumption that a soil composed of clay, with a subsoil composed of sand and gravel, is the proper composition for healthy growth and long life of the tree.

He said if such a location cannot be had, or if an orchard is already growing upon clay soil and upon subsoil, as many of the decaying orchards are, the remedy is to lay deep under-drains near enough together to thoroughly drain every part. Apple trees cannot long endure wet feet. It is a waste to plant an orchard where, however rich the soil may be, there is a cold, impenetrable mass of wet clay. Light soils of sand or gravel without a mixture of clay are unsuitable to the full development of the tree and the profitable production of fruit.

It is of the first importance that the varieties selected for a permanent orchard should be such as have been proved well adapted to the section. A few thoroughly tested sorts for summer, fall and winter are decidedly preferable to a multitule of every kind advertised by ambitious nurserymen.

Winter apples are the most desirable to grow largely, provided we find good varieties that will keep well. Limbertwig is placed first on the list for winter in the Potomac region. The tree is a vigorous grower, bears abundantantly every year; the apples cling to the tree until November, and will keep well until April; fruit medium size, subacid, solid, rich and good flavor.

The Winsap and Carthouse or Romanite are excellent varieties: trees vigorous growers, full bearing every year, but such extremely dry weather we have had last season caused them to fall off and rot early in the winter. The Primate is a large red and white apple, very tender, juicy, rich flavor, bears abundantly every year, commencing to ripen in August after summer apples are gone, and continues ripening until November. The other two varieties named are too well known to need recommending or describing.

The preparation of the soil should be thorough; by under-draining, if necessary, as we have said; by deep cultivation and enriching, so that the land would raise a good crop of corn. Set the trees thirty feet apart each way if the orchard is designed to occupy the land exclusively.

Mulch around the trees every summer until the limbs shade the ground sufficient to protect the roots from the hot summer sun. The ground may be cropped with potatoes or corn for four or five years until the trees get sufficient size and strength for bearing. To bring the trees into bearing, seed the land with rye, clover and timothy in August. After the ground is well covered turn on a flock of sheep, keeping them on until October every year; they will eat the wormy apples as they fall, so that what are left will be fair and sound, and the fruit will continue to improve from year to year; they will keep down all suckers as far as they can reach, and the land will not need plowing oftener than once in four or five years. Destroy every coccoon or caterpillar nest as soon as they can be discovered.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS

Monkeys, like man, have a peculiar natural abhorence for snakes.

In many of the Oriental languages the name for five means a hand.

Stamps for taxation were invented in Holland in the seventeenth century.

Clovis, gratified by a visit from the bishop of Toulouse, gave him a hair from his beard.

Chica, a liquid which in Peru is handded around like coffee after meal, is prepared from maize moistened and fermented by mastication.

The year 1881 will be long remembered for its earthquakes. Not since 1812 has there been such a wide circle of terrestrial disturbances.

Mount Ararat consists of two peaks joined by a sort of neck, the greater peak rising 17,000 feet above the sea level and the lesser 12,000

Ants have been known to build galleries of clay over the surface of a pine apple, to shelter those of their number who were destroying the fruit.

A board sawed from a catalpa log, which had lain on the ground for 100 years, was found to be sound, fair and susceptible of a good polish.

One of the choicest fans in the world is one that belonged to Mme. Pompadour. It was made of lace, was nine nine years in making, and cost $30,000.

The cultivation of the sweet scented violet is nowhere pursued with such ardor and success as at Hamburg. Many persons have frem 2,000 to 3,000 pots.

In Germany sawdust is combined with glue or some other binding material, the result being a plastic mass, which is pressed into moulds, into door knobs, piano keys and various other articles.

The emerald was once believed to possess wonderful qualities. It was supposed to be good for the eyes; to serve, taken internally, as an antidote for poisons and bite of serpents, and to cure the plague and infectious fevers.

Some of the Asiatic races have a peculiar manner of kissing. Instead of placing lip to lip, they place the mouth and nose upon the cheek and inhale the breath strongly. Their form of speech is not "Give me a kiss," but "Smell me."

A scientific professor records the following singular instance of self-cannibalism: He cut in two a male cricket, and the forepart, probably experiencing a sensation of emptiness, turned upon the hinder part and devoured it.

By the will of Peter Symunds, made in the year 1568, sixty of the youngest boys in Christ's hospital, London, after divine service on every Good Friday morning in Allhallows church, Lombard street, receive each a new penny and a bag of raisins.

THE SPADE SUPERSEDED BY THE FORK.—We notice that the spade in garden work is still considerably used; and the knowledge that the spade has in great measure been superseded by the fork has not traveled near so much as it ought to have done. We see many a one "digging garden," and preparing for spring, spade in hand, utterly unconscious that with a modern digging fork a man can do as much in a day, and with less fatigue, as with an old-fashioned spade it would take him two days to do. In the use of a fork there is no digging to do. The tines run into the earth by the downward descent of the fork in the operator's hands alone; and throwing over and leveling, a single blow of the tines is enough to pulverize and make a level surface. Some say their land is too light—that the earth passes through, and they cannot take up a forkfull: but in this case work it when it is a little wet. Even sandy ground can be dug with a fork, if the proper time is chosen for it. Of course, the spade can never be abandoned. There will always be some ground weedy or full of roots, which a sharp edge like that of a spade will be necessary to sever; and in digging up trees and garden vegetables, nothing can replace the spade; but there are a number of instances in garden work where a digging-fork can come into very great labor saving.

A LITTLE SALT rubbed on a discolored egg spoon will restore its silver hue.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY AT

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EMBRACED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST:

ALUM, ALLSPICE, AXLE GREASE, BAKING POWDER, " SODA, BEANS, BLACKING, " BRUSHES, BLUEING, BORAX, BRAID, BR'KFAST BACON, BROOMS, BUTTONS, CALICOES, CAMPHOR, CASTOR OIL, CARBON OIL, CARPET TACKS, CANNED APPLES, " CORN, " PEACHES, " PEARS, " TOMATOES, CHEESE, CHEVIOTS, CHOCOLATE, CIGARS, CINNAMON, CLOVES, CLOTHES PINS, COFFEES, CORN STARCH, CORSET JEANS, COMBS, CRACKERS, CREAM TARTER, CURRANTS, DRIED APPLES, " CORN, " PEACHES, DRESS LININGS, EXTRACTS and ESSENCES, FIGS, FISH, " HOOKS, " LINES, FLOUR, FRUITS, GINGER, GINGHAMS, GUN CAPS, " POWDER, HAIR PINS, HAMS, HANDKERCHIEFS, HOMINY, HOOKS and EYES, HOSE, INDIGO, INK, JELLIES (all kind), LAMP CHIMNEYS, " WICKS, " BURNERS, LAUDANUM, LEAD PENCILS, LEMONS, LINEN CRASH, MACARONI, MATCHES, MOLASSES, MUSLINS, MUSTARD, NAILS, NEEDLES, NUTS, OILS, ORANGES, PENS, PENHOLDERS, PEPPER, PINS, PIPES, PRUNES, RAISINS, RICE, ROPE HALTERS, SALT, SARDINES, SCISSORS, SCRUB BRUSHES, SEW'G MACH'E OIL, SHIRTINGS, SHOE LACERS, SHOT, SILK TWIST, " THREAD, SOAPS, SPICES, STARCH, STOCKINGS, STOVE POLISH, SUGARS, SUSPENDERS, SWEET OIL, TEAS, THREAD, TUBS, WASHBOARDS, WASHING SODA, WOODEN BUCKETS, YEAST POWDER,

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

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ALL FRESH!---ALL FINE!---ALL CHOICE!---ALL CHEAP!

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FERTILIZERS,

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SPRING WAGONS,

CARRIAGES, TOP AND NO TOP BUGGIES;

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Includng the following varities: TIGER, REINDEER, HOLLINGSWORTH and VICTOR;

HAY FORKS, LAWRENCE & CHAPIN'S DIAMOND IRON PLOWS,

And Spring Tooth Harrows;

HAGERSTOWN IMPROVED AND TRIUMPH GRAIN DRILLS,

Or any other machinery farmers may need, from a Steam Thresher to a Shovel Plow, all from first class manufactories and warranted to be exactly as represented.

EBENSBURG, MAY 12, 1882.—tf. L. & S. W. DAVIS.

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ROCHESTER CLOTHING!

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QUALITY, MAKE AND PRICE,

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Golden Eagle Clothing House,

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ALSO, A LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF

HATS, CAPS, and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

ALTOONA, PA., APRIL 21, 1882.—tf. SAMUEL MARCH, Proprietor.

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RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

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Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Seines, Nets, Knives, Razors, Skates, Hammocks, etc.

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Safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. Sample Package, Post-Paid, 30 cts. AGENTS WANTED. Address, J. H. Johnston, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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PHENOL SODIQUE.

Discovered SIMON BROTHERS & WEIR Philadelphia.

IS RAPIDLY COMING INTO GENERAL USE for all kinds of ... relieving ... and rapidly healing the wounded parts.

IT IS ALSO ... in CHOLERA, YELLOW, ... SCALDS, ... VENOMOUS STINGS or BITES, CUTS ... WOUNDS of every description.

... TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

IN NASAL CATARRH, *Fatid Discharges from the EAR*, ... ULCERATION, it is a boon to both *Physician and Patient*.

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY ... it is the ... DISINFECTANT known.

Wherever introduced it establishes itself as a *favorite* DOMESTIC REMEDY.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS.

TO LADIES ONLY!

We will send 1 Beautiful Silver-plated Butter Knife, 1 Beautiful Silver-plated Sugar Shell and 1 Package "Language of the Flowers," 50 pieces full size Vocal Music, with Piano accompaniment, retail from 25 to 50 cents each at stores; and a beautiful Illustrated Magazine, three months, postpaid if 10 three-cent stamps are sent to pay postage and packing. Address, A. C. RIDEOUT & CO., Publishers, 10 Barclay St., N.Y.

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The ONLY BOOK of the kind ever pub'd

NEW EDITION. A HISTORY of every Administration from Washington to the present time, with over 50 Steel Portraits of the Ladies of the White House, with view of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. Agents wanted—send for Circulars, with full particulars, to BRADLEY & CO., Publishers, 66 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Our Illustrated Lives of the James Brothers is enlarged to 500 Pages with 70 Illustrations, and is complete, including the Death and Burial of Jesse. We also illustrate the killing, the house Jesse James after death, his wife, his two children born in outlawry, the Fords who made the capture, and also a full page engraving of Gov. Crittenden. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free. Outfits 40 cts. This is the only true history. Beware of spurious editions. One Elegant Illustrated Volume of 500 Pages. Secure only the Best, Largest, and Cheapest.

CINCINNATI PUB. CO., No. 25 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Globe*, says: "An experiment made last year by myself may not come amiss at this time with those who grow strawberries. I procured half a hogshead, filled it with rain water, and put into it one quarter pound of ammonia and one-quarter pound of common nitre. When the strawberry plants were blossoming out I gave them a sprinkling of the solution at evening, twice a week, until the fruit was nearly ripe. The result was double the amount of fruit on those where the liquid was applied to where none of the liquid was applied."

A NEW YORK farmer states that he uses only coal gas tar to prevent the ravages of the potato beetle. He puts a gallon of tar in a tub, over which he pours boiling water, which is allowed to settle and cool. This is sprinkled over the vines with an ordinary sprinkler. A gallon of tar, costing 75 cents, suffices for several acres of potatoes.

A SUGGESTION for hoaseness worthy of trial is the use of common horse-radish prepared in sugar—one part to nine parts of sugar. A little of this mixture in the mouth, swallowed slowly, gives relief. The remedy (horse-radish) is not a new one, but, to us, the sugar way of using it seems to be a new and a good one.

DEAR POTATOES—SUBSTITUTES.

As shown in last December's *American Agriculturist*, potatoes are always an expensive food, more than four-fifths of their weight being nothing but simple water. Flour at $10 dollars a barrel supplies as much actual nutriment for the same money as potatoes at 50 cents a bushel, and corn at $1 dollar a bushel supplies quite as cheap nourishment as potatoes at 30 cents a bushel. But the majority of consumers in New York and many other places who buy at retail now pay fully $1.50 per bushel for potatoes, equivalent at least to $15 per barrel for flour, or corn at $4 to $5 a bushel. In December we described some substitutes for potatoes. The following are in the same line:

Rice cakes do well, especially for breakfast, made thus:—Cook the rice thoroughly in a farina kettle, and while still quite warm, mould it into round cakes flattened; this to be done the previous day or evening. In the morning dip them into beaten egg, and fry it in lard or drippings, until of a delicate brown. They are very palatable to eat with meat, or with sugar and cream if thus preferred. The coating of egg keeps them firm, prevents too much fat penetrating, and adds to their good taste and nutritiousness.

Corn meal and hominy, if rightly cooked are very palatable, and even at the present high price of corn, are much the most economical, nourishing food. We prefer hominy—not the lye-hulled, unbroken kernals, called hominy in some parts of the country—but simply the machinehulled corn, coarsely ground. The secret of cooking hominy or corn meal, especially the latter, is to mix it thin, and cook it thoroughly without burning, which cooking will thicken it enough. It can best be done in a farina kettle, or even by putting it into a smaller tin pail, and set this in a larger one partly filled with water kept briskly boiling. If in a single vessel, constant stirring is important to prevent any part of it from scorching, as that will affect the flavor of the whole. If thoroughly cooked and in sufficient quantities for use, hominy or meal will keep well in a cool place for two or three days or more, to be drawn upon when wanted. It is excellent when cut into pieces of any size, five-eights to three quarters of an inch thick, and fried, to be eaten with meats or with syrup. As little lard as will prevent it sticking to the griddle should be used, for if saturated with grease, or cooked beyond a light brown, it is much less digestible and nutritious. If housekeepers will give proper attention to thorough cooking, without the slightest scorching either in boiling or frying, and exercise some skill and taste in the preparation and serving, they may greatly reduce the table expenses by making corn meal a leading dish at almost every meal.

A BIRD-EATING SPIDER.—The gigantic species of the typical genus *Mygale*, in which the body is covered with a rough, hairy coat, and the legs are also stout and hairy, chiefly inhabit the warmer parts of South American and the West Indian Islands, although several species of them, and some of them of large size, are found in the Eastern Hemisphere. So far as the observations of naturalists at present go, most of them, at any rate, do not burrow in the ground, but reside in the grooves and fissures of the bark of trees, in the crevices between stones, and in other sheltered places where the commonly spin a more or less tabular silken dwelling of suitable size, within which the female also deposits her eggs, enclosed in a regular case of white silk, to the number, according to some observers, of 1,800 or 2,000. The spiders usually go in the pursuit of their prey in the evening and during the darkness of the night, when they seize upon and destroy all the insects and other anthripods that they able to surprise and overcome, whilst, according to stories which have come down to us from a tolerably distant past, they are not content with insects alone, but even prey upon small birds and other vertebrates. It would appear, indeed, from an observation of Mr. Bates, that there is some truth in their possession of these bird-catching propensities In allusion to which Linnæus gave one of the small Surinam species described and figured by Madame Merican the specific name *avicularia*. Mr. Bates on one occasion found two small birds hanging in a torn web which was stretched across a cleft in a tree. One of them was already dead; the other, upon which the spider was resting, was at the point of death, and died soon after taking it into his hands. He found that the observation of this habit of the spider was quite new to the natives on the banks of the Amazon, and thus some doubt remained as to its powers of bird-catching, and we believe that the gigantic spiders that have been brought to our zoological gardens from South America have not been experimented upon with birds; but Mr. Bartlett has informed us that one of them attacked and killed a mouse.—*Fossil*.

EAT PLENTY OF FAT MEAT.—In a late number of the *Scalpel*, in an article on "Diet," Dr. Dixon, in assuming the position that "the use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption nine-tenths, and that is the whole secret of the use of cod-liver oil," quotes the following summary of observation on this subject, made by Dr. Hooker.

1. Of all the persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one years, more than one-fifth eat no fat meat.

2. Of persons at the age of 42, all, excepting less than one in fifty, habitually use fat meat.

3. Of persons who, between the ages of 15 and 22, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while a greater portion die with phthisis before thirty-five.

4. Of persons dying with phthisis between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, nine-tenth at least have never used fat meat.

Most individuals who avoid fat meat also use little butter or oily gravies, though many compensate far this want, in part, by a free use of those articles, and also milk, eggs, and various saccharine substances. But they constitute an imperfect substitute for fat meat, without which sooner or later the body is almost sure to show the effects of deficient calorification.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permiates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1, per bottle or six for $5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

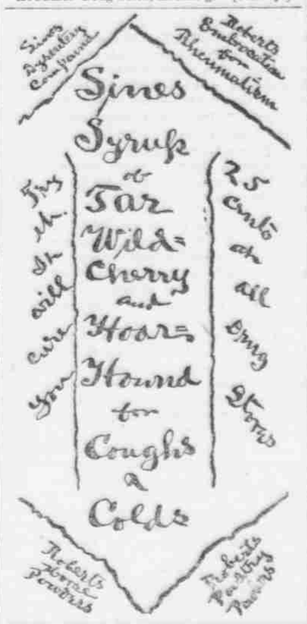
For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All write respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (5) Mrs. A. M. D.

At James' Drug Store, Ebensb'g. [8-12.-1y.]



A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY

IS THE LOSS OF

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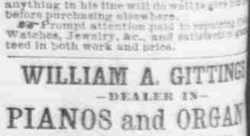

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